Saturday Review

August 12, 1967 35¢

Patricia McBride and Edward Villella in Balanchine's "Harlequinade" (See World of Dance).

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RADIO: THE LANGUISHING GIANT

By Raymond Swing

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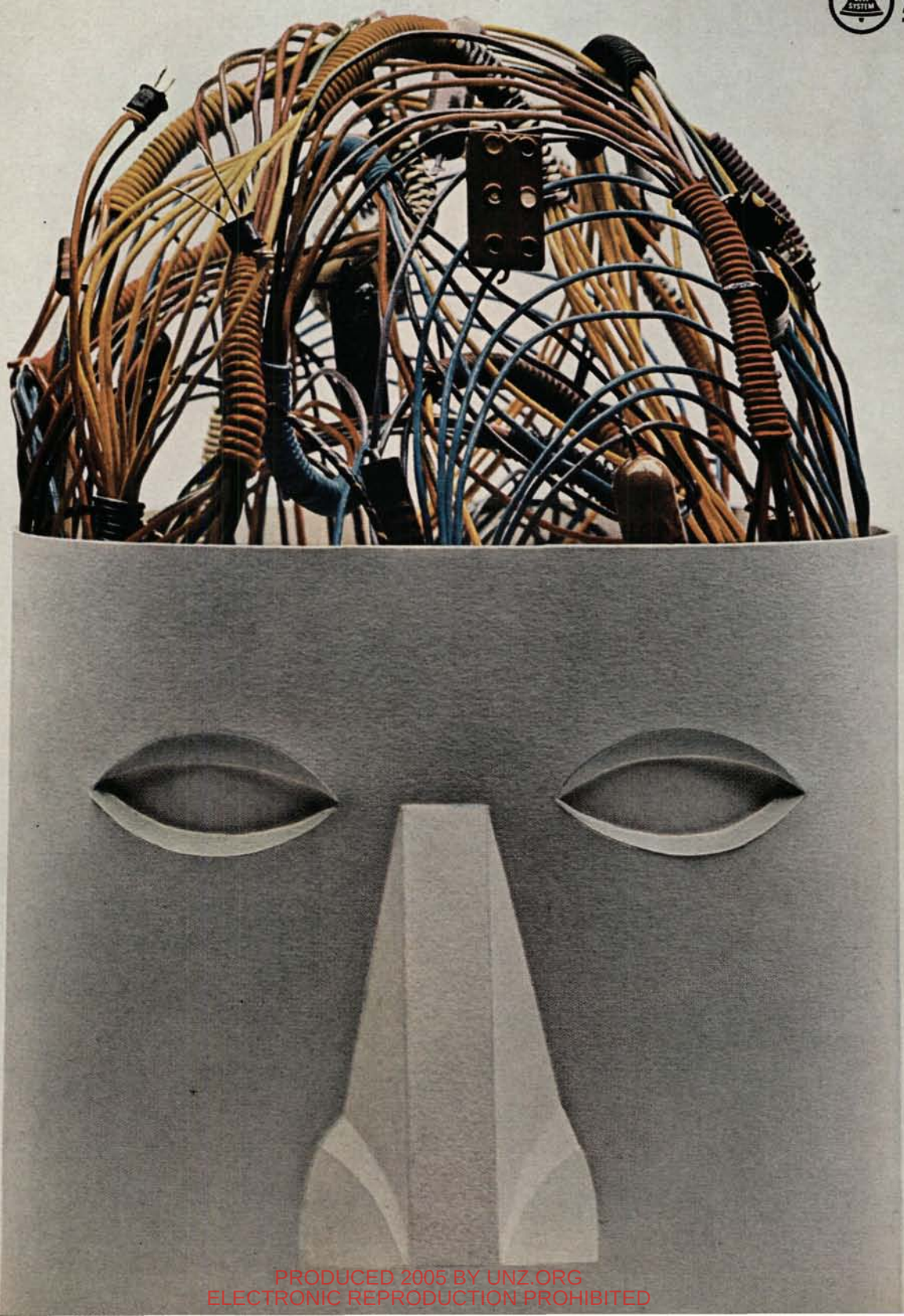
Your brain and our phone system are a lot alike

Both were designed to last a lifetime. Both consist of close to ten billion components, nerve cells or transistors, relays or memory modules. Both occasionally malfunction and cause missed connections, misunderstandings, static and heat. Both start each new day determined to do better. And both usually succeed. Today, we were able to complete over 295 million phone calls, some of them yours. We hope your brain had a good day, too.



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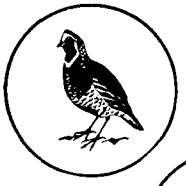
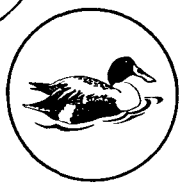
With a pair of binoculars, a squeaky kiss, and the time to travel 7,500,000 square miles, you eventually might see most of the birds of North America.





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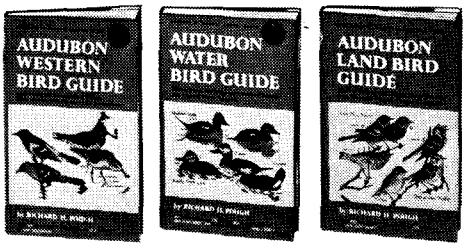

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If you're wondering about that kiss, Richard H. Pough, author of these *Audubon Bird Guides*, points out that a squeaky sound made by sucking air through closely pursed lips, preferably with the lips against the back of the hand, is an effective way to bring birds out of hiding. If you have an *Audubon Bird Guide* in the other hand at the time, you should have no trouble identifying your curious visitors.

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Certain snobs maintain that they read books but never watch TV. Another group of people watch the tube but never crack a book. Yet there is a third assortment who read books and watch television, although, not, in the ordinary course, simultaneously. For those of us in that category, the return this summer of one man to the little screen makes it glow more brightly. I refer, of course, to Steve Allen, a man who, like many Americans, has a place in his life for books and television.

We enjoy today's "Tonight" Show (not to get into an NBC of confusion) with the engaging Johnny Carson at the desk, but we will not forget the old Tonight Show. It was Steve Allen's improvised thing of wonder. Like a good magazine, it had high moments and low ones, excitement and occasional patches of dullness. But there were usually personalities, ideas, humor, music exploding—a tremendous potential frequently realized.

I don't want to wax sloppy about Steve's (we always use his first name) courage or versatility, because the subject at hand is his humor. He is, of course, an engaged, committed citizen. His writings include short stories, verse, autobiography, analyses of politics and comedy (separately), and everything from fine music to letters to the editor. Last year Doubleday published his book about migrant workers. All of which can obscure the fact that he is a very funny comedian. Now, I'm happy to say, we have a new book, *Bigger Than a Breadbox*, a signal to those of us who do not equate boob with tube that means Steve is on.

I have never liked his prepared sketches as much as his ad libs—those swift, funny, usually kind and once-in-a-while cutting (down to size) lines off the top of his head. And I didn't think it possible to capture those effectively on paper. But with the aid of Leonard Feather's running commentary, Rowland Wilson's deft execution of the author's cartoon ideas, and—most of all—those offshoots of Steve's mind, it works. A really enjoyable book to turn your living room into your laughing room.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Bigger Than a Breadbox, the Wit and Humor of Steve Allen ($4.95), is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

Saturday Review

Cover photo by Martha Swope

August 12, 1967

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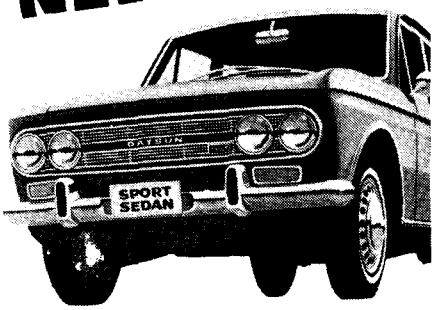

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These authentic Pre-Columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection of authentic Pre-Columbian figures.

I'll zip three fast strikes past this guy, retire the side, and celebrate with a hot cup of coffee and Kahlúa.

I'll hit his first pitch into the bleachers, win the game, and celebrate with a cool Kahlúa sour.

I'll make it 2 to 1. Or 1 to 2. Better yet, I'll get a bottle of Kahlúa's pre-mixed Black Russians.

I'll scream if he doesn't throw that ball pretty soon . . . My knees are *killing* me.

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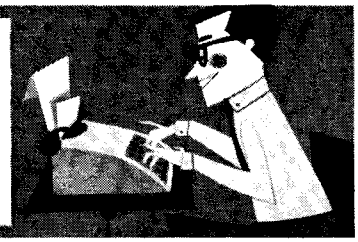
Top of My Head



FCC FTC KO TV

AS YOU SIT unhappily before your TV sets these summer evenings wondering pessimistically whether TV and whither, you can stop your worrying. Because good news is a-comin'. And it a-comes in breathless reports of the TV columns in your local newspapers:

"*Bonanza* will add a new cowhand to its cast. David Canary, a twenty-nine-year-old former football All-American and music scholar from the University of Cincinnati, will appear as Candy, a professional cowpoke who saves the Cartwrights from a marauding band of Paiute Indians."

"*The Man from Uncle* series on NBC next fall will add a new and pretty secretary to its cast in the person of Barbara Moore."

Thank you, viewers, but please hold your applause. Let it accumulate till after you hear the rest.

Besides all this manna from heaven, there is also a fallout from our nation's capital. The FCC in Washington, D.C., besides getting after ATT, much to the dismay of the SEC, is also moving in on cigarette commercials with the help of FTC, which is also busily involved in a merger between ITT and ABC, while the FTC is fussing about the aspirin commercials on NBC, CBS, and ABC.

Well, you don't have to be a Phoenician to figure out that we are in good hands with the FCC, the FTC, to say nothing of the Seeing I A. But I find myself reacting nervously to these drives to change the even tenure of the hard-sell commercials to which my body with all its aches and pains has become accustomed. All this talk by the FTC that headache remedies are all alike crumbles the very foundation of my faith in the pill which for five years has given me fast, fast, fast, fast, fast relief.

Take aspirin. You can take aspirin. I want mine with that little something extra which builds up my tension and then as it is about to snap the rope which writhes across my forehead at its frayed ends, makes it whole again and I can smile in relief and even pat some noisy kid on the head. Don't tell me they're going to take my rope away!

And just as I was getting used to dropping those digestion tablets into my glass stomach to divert the course of all that acid—no, not my glass stomach too!

And who will be the keeper of my bad breath—to show me the way to put over a big deal? Am I to be drowned in a cascade of all those mouthwashes because FCC and FTC say they are alike?

One man's poison may be another man's ivy—but as for me, I'll have none of it.

And as for cigarettes, the FCC proposes TV give equal time after a smoke commercial to point up the hazards of smoking. After the fellows and girls have sung, "To a sportsjacket it's a double vent, but to a smoker it's a Kent," there will follow this one-minute spot:

The Scene: An idyllic lakeside. A boy and girl loll on its shore. He kisses her—a long, tender kiss. They break.

"I love you," he says. "You are the most beautiful of all. Not only in body, but in mind and soul. You are the complete woman about whom I have dreamed and with whom I want to share my life."

"I'll bet you tell that to all the girls," she says, laughing nervously as she fumbles through her bag, takes out a cigarette, and holds it at her lips for him to light.

"What are you doing, stupid?" he asks.

"I'm going to smoke a cigarette."

"Don't you know cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health?"

"Says who?" she asks.

"The Surgeon General of the United States."

"Does he smoke?"

"I don't know—maybe. But it's do as he says. Now cut out those cigarettes!"

"Do you tell that to all your girls, too?"

"No, only those I want to save. And you're the one I want to save."

"Is this a proposal of marriage?"

"Proposal? Well—I mean—that is—uh—gimme one of those cigarettes."

With all this attention to commercial context rather than to entertainment, why don't the FCC and FTC come up with an answer which would follow TV programs? For instance, following *Pistols and Petticoats*:

"TV viewing may be hazardous to your health. If nausea and violent regurgitation persist, see your TV repair man." —GOODMAN ACE.

NOW OPEN: THE SHERATON-MALTA

South of Sicily are the tiny islands that make up Malta. Rich in history. Mild, delightful climate. And now — with the opening of the sumptuous Sheraton-Malta Hotel — a wonderfully *different* place to visit.

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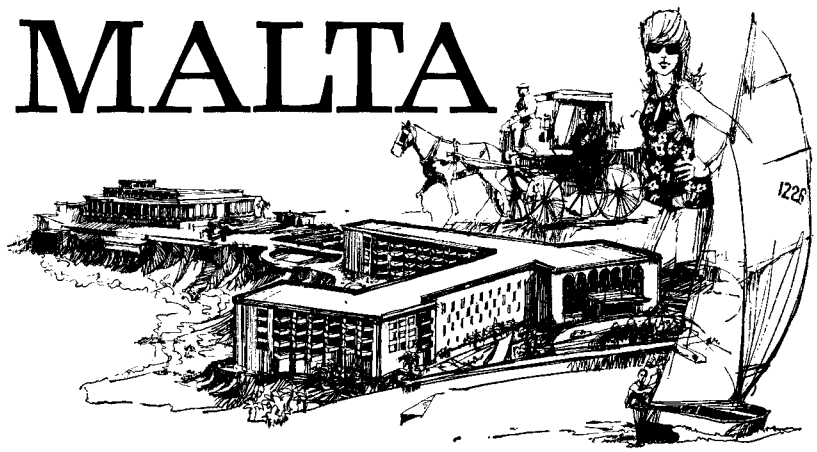
MALTA



THE SHERATON-MALTA HOTEL

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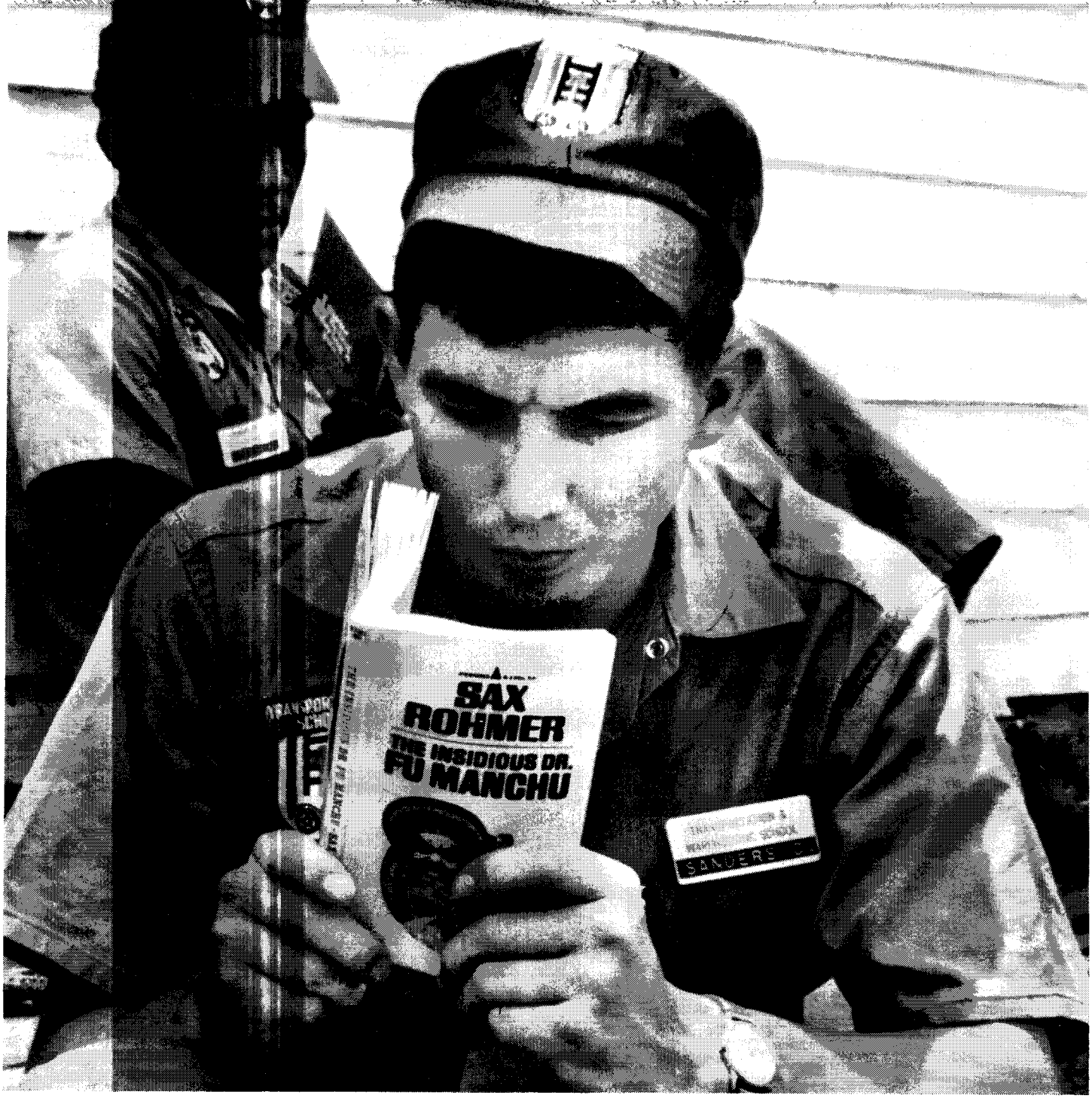

He's not exactly reading Shakespeare. But at least he's reading.

Hamlet just won't turn him on. Dr. Fu Manchu will. And to a guy who never read a book before in his life—any book—it's a start.

He's a Corpsman at the Kilmer Job Corps Center in New Jersey and like most other Corpsmen, he's a school dropout. The problem: how to get these boys to start reading and writing so that their mental skills match the job skills they're learning.

Recently, Federal Electric Corporation, an ITT subsidiary, which runs Kilmer for the Office of Economic Opportunity, set up an experiment based on the work of Dr. Daniel N. Fader.

Thousands of paperbacks of all kinds were made available, and now boys who never read a book before are reading two or more a week.

As a boy's reading improves and he learns sentence structure and punctuation, his sophistication in books grows.

When many of these boys come to Kilmer, they find it almost impossible to express themselves. Now when they leave, they've found an exciting new way: with words.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

ITT

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The Mosquito

THE MOSQUITO is named after mosca, the fly, who is a lot more interesting except for one thing which comes later on. Flies show up in ancient plays and are mentioned all through what we often call literature, usually in situations where, while they're not protagonists, they're not villains, either. After all, aside from sleeping sickness, which may be a blessing of some kind, flies carry hardly anything. Mosquitos carry at least four major diseases. Not in the North, though. And in the North, in major cities, they're more or less trained to bother only the underprivileged.

Everybody knows that mosquitoes breed in swamps, and, for the first time in the history of the world, what everybody knows turns out to be true. More or less. If pushed, the mosquito will breed in tall grass. And if shoved, he can live in the far North and eat the flora. He'll attack most animals, too. What science isn't too clear about is that only the female has the equipment for stabbing, and it would seem that the male practically starves to death. More of them should, no matter what the ecologists say.

Culex, which is the variety most of us know and admire, is really interesting (see above) for only one reason. The male can hear. But. Are you ready? He can hear on only one wave length. And it's the wave length that carries the sound of the beating of the female's wings! Isn't that grand? And look what a lovely future it leads to for all of us! It just can't be long before noble science stops fooling around inventing new toothpastes and applies itself to the *real* question: how to cut the male mosquito's ears off.

—HENRY MORGAN.

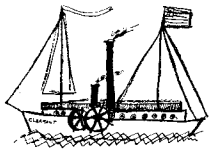
Open Season

Lyrics from a Lived-in Life
1909

In 1909
The big sensation
Was the Hudson-Fulton
Celebration.
It capped
A tricentennial dream
Of the mighty river
And the age of steam
They made a flag with half a moon,
They sang a song
With half a tune,
The Dutch paraded
Evoking cheers
And vendors traded
In souvenirs.

They'll celebrate
The same for you
If you discover
A river, too—
Or if you should
invent the right boat
To take the place
Of the Albany Nightboat.

—HOWARD DIETZ.



—Howard Dietz.

Shine On, Harvest Moon

THE word "harvest," which makes one think of ripe, golden fields is now being used in connection with the killing of fractional parts of squirrels.

Says the New Jersey Division of Fish and Game in a recent press release:

"The squirrel harvest of 169,245 (last hunting season) represented an increase of 23,130, or nearly 16 per cent. The number of squirrel hunters rose slightly to 54,595, and the mean bag jumped from 2.70 to 3.32 squirrels per hunter."

The Division explained that they got their figures from a postcard questionnaire sent to a random sample of hunting license holders. Conclusion: "New Jersey hunters enjoyed one of the most successful seasons in recent years."

It's easy to see why. A man goes into the woods to harvest squirrels and he gets mighty disappointed if he shoots only 2.70 squirrels during the season. That's only two whole squirrels plus another one with, say, the head missing. But the following year things are better. He gets a "mean bag" of three whole squirrels, plus maybe a leg and part of a tail. Shine on, harvest moon, over good ol' New Jersey.

Last year I covered for my newspaper the opening day of the upland game season at a New Jersey public hunting ground. A hunter came out of the woods and approached my car. (I cover the annual event from inside the vehicle, hunched down so just my eyes show over the door.) I noticed that the hunter wore a belt decorated with meat hooks. On one of the hooks a squirrel, evidently shot point blank with both barrels, was

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speared. It was a perfect specimen of a .32 squirrel.

Thanks to modern statistical methods used by the state, random-sample hunters had only to pause for a moment to count bits of fur and feathers, dash off a postcard, and then resume their skinning chores.

According to the press release, marksmen had little to brag about in the case of quail. The year before, each hunter got 2.71 bobwhites and, in the most recent reporting period, the figure rose a hare to 2.72. That amounts to maybe another feather or two, and the hunter has yet to come up with three whole birds.

There were reports that New Jersey housewives were discouraged at having to make a meal out of seventy-two hundredths of a quail. It looked pretty skimpy under glass, and many a dinner party turned into a social disaster. It's bad when you invite the boss to dinner and he has to fill up on potatoes.

Unfortunately, no figures were available on the mean bag of potatoes. That's too bad, because if the Fish and Game Department had related the number of fractional animals and birds in the pot to the parts of potatoes harvested, they could have come up with a really meaningful statistical survey.

—Dereck Williamson.

WIT TWISTER #20

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

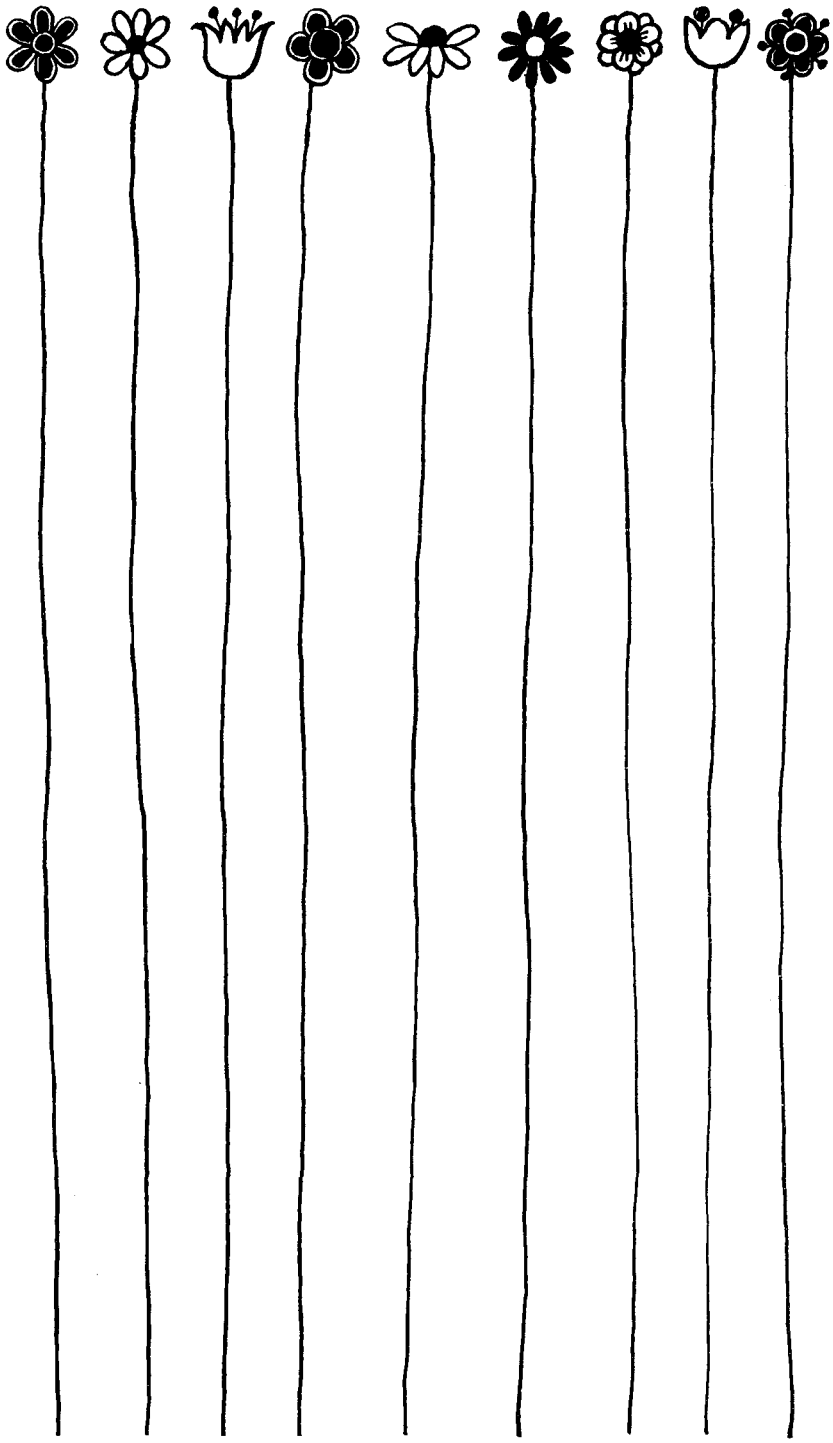
(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

Marauding man, you — — — — —
the sheep
And hunt the gentle — — — — —
and deer!
No wood-god — — — — — them,
or in sleep
He'd make you — — — — —
your victims' fear.

(*Answer on page 67*)



Wild Flowers

The Countryside Comes to Fifth Avenue

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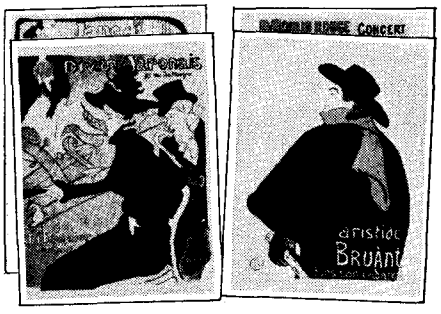

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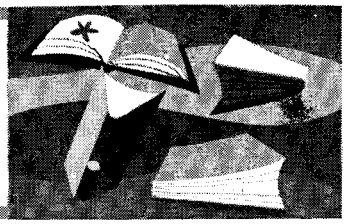

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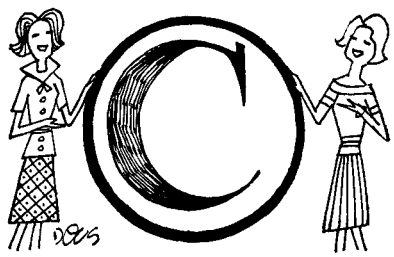

are extraordinary. I am sure that many others, along with me, are enormously indebted to them.

About the only copyrights I haven't been able to locate so far are for Cabell's *Jurgen* and *Beyond Life*, originally published by McBride. Here's what I found in the standard source, *The American Book Trade Directory*, 1966 edition:

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McBride, Robert M., Inc. o.b.

McBride, Winston & Co. Became McBride, Nast & Co. See above.

Naturally that got me nowhere. Someone suggested Golden Cockerel Press might have taken over from McBride. I turned to Golden Cockerel. That, it seems, is an imprint. Of A. S. Barnes & Co. I turned to Barnes. Hallelujah, it's listed. Address, 8 East 36th Street. Fine, I'll call them. Call them—where? There's no listing in the telephone directory!

I turned to *Literary Market Place*. Barnes is there, in Cranbury, New Jersey. I phoned. Cabell is not theirs.

Can someone help?

Douglas Brush of N. W. Ayer calls attention to *A System for Instruction* (International Textbook Company) in which the author, John E. Searles, has this introducton: "I should like to express my gratitude to the host of people: the honest critics and the false friends, the warm hearts and the wise minds, the serene and the innocent, who, with human mixtures of concern and scorn, led me, kicking and screaming, to the threshold of my own mind."

Thomas Zimmermann, music librarian at Rice University, is annoyed by George Marek's *Richard Strauss, the Life of a Non-Hero* (Simon and Schuster). He puts Mr. Marek in the same category as Toscanini, Rubenstein (Mr. Z's misspelling), and Horowitz, whose "cheap efforts," according to Mr. Zimmermann, were intended to deprive Strauss, Furtwängler, Flagstad, Gieseking, and Schwarzkopf "of their rightful place in musical history." Not one of the five persons mentioned, with the possible exception of Flagstad, was really unsympathetic to the Nazi cause, which Mr. Zimmermann chooses to forget; as he chooses to forget that the attacks on them concerned their political philosophy and affiliations, not their abilities as composers, conductors, and performers.

Years have elapsed since my first and only visit to Rice University, in Houston. It seemed then, and still must be, a small but first-rate institution. Undoubtedly even its music library is first-rate; Mr. Zimmermann simply has some prejudices left.

When the magazine *Town & Country* was at its most elegant, and its appeal was altogether to the very rich, Harry Bull was its extremely able editor. The depression years took their toll, of course, even of thousands of first-money families, so many of whom were *T & C* subscribers. As a gag, Harry decided to devote a whole issue of the magazine to a listing of poorhouses in the United States, then vetoed his own idea as being too facetious and likely to cause resentment.

It's a scrap of an item like the above that comes from glancing through old notes.

I see a note, from 1930, that says, "Was introduced to Irwin Cobb today. Talked for a few minutes."

Some note. Some misspelling of Irvin (not Mr. Zimmermann's, mine).

There's a note dated February 7, 1927. "Went to work today for the Hearst organization. Hope I meet Mr. Hearst." I did meet him, seven years later, when I was appointed editor of the old *Pictorial Review*. Richard Berlin took me to the Ritz Tower for the appointment. Mr. Hearst was sitting in a gigantic drawing room. "What kind of décor do you see here?" he asked me. I looked around, was embarrassed, but said honestly, "It seems to me to be a little bit of everything." "That," said Mr. Hearst, "is to be the formula for *Pictorial Review*."

Another note, from 1939: "Reread George Moore's *A Mummer's Wife*. Would make a great movie, with Bette Davis. Suggest to Jake Wilk." I did suggest it. Wilk was enthusiastic. Jack Warner wasn't. No movie.

Same note, next line: "Asked Jake if Warner's would be interested in doing a movie about Tony Pastor. He says yes." I wrote the script. Received $5,000. Wilk liked it. Jack Warner didn't. No movie.

A note from 1931: "My first invitation to one of Ray Long's editorial luncheons. Sinclair Lewis the guest. Drunk." But I remember being fascinated, and over a period of time we became friends. In later years Lewis didn't drink. That's when his poorer novels were written.

A more modern note, from June 1966: "Turned in my first TRADE WINDS column." More than a year has passed! I've written almost thirty columns. They don't come easy to me. I'm no diarist or proper note-keeper.

One more more modern note: "June 28, 1967. Attended spectacular luncheon given Richard Rodgers by ASCAP, on stage of Alvin Theatre. Dick's 65th birthday. The world of show business there, in person or by recording or telegraphed message." I wish Richard would write his autobiography. We first talked about it more than fifteen years ago. His wife, Dorothy, will have her *second* book out this fall. *The House in My Head*. So far I've seen only the first 6,000 words. It should sell like mad.

From the last will and testament of John Reed, who for forty-four years was gas lighter for the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia: "My head to be separated from my body immediately after my death, the latter to be buried in a grave; the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theatre where I have served all my life, and to be employed to *represent* the skull of Yorick—and to this end I bequeath my head to the properties."

Have a nice day.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1739)

DENIS WARNER:
(THE) LAST CONFUCIAN

Barbaric as they must seem to any Westerner, the repeated suicides struck a deep emotional chord in Vietnam. People who had forgotten that they were Buddhists started to pray again, many of these thousands being in their late teens.

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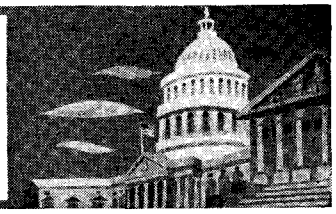
State of Affairs



The Struggle for Power

WASHINGTON.

MUCH WILL depend on the Soviet Union if the war in Vietnam is to be ended and the Middle East pacified. However limited the hopes are among the experts, they are inclined to believe that the prospects of Soviet cooperation in bringing the war in Vietnam to a halt are better than they are in bringing peace to the Middle East. The reason is the assumption that in Vietnam, American and Soviet interests are more parallel, while in the Middle East they are directly opposed.

The war in Vietnam is bleeding the United States, and that is something the Soviet Union is unlikely to mind too much, but there are a good many indications that this is not what matters most to the Kremlin. Its overwhelming interest is that Chinese influence in North Vietnam remains limited and, secondly—and in the long run this is more important—that China be contained.

Nothing worries the Russians so much as the specter of China's growing power. They have a 5,000-mile frontier in common; there are certain Soviet territories the Chinese claim as their own; there is the prospect that sooner or later China will catch up with Soviet nuclear capacity; there is China's overpopulation and the consequent need for more land; and there is the ideological rivalry, with each power wanting to be the center of the Communist world. The Russians also know that they alone may not be able to cope with the long-term Chinese threat, and they will want the United States to help stand guard in Asia against Chinese expansionism. They would not want the United States to stay in Vietnam in full force, but as one foreign minister of an Eastern European country said to me recently, they will want an American presence in Asia to create a better balance of forces. Japan, he thought, would gradually play a more important part in this balance in Asia, but he saw its role as shifting between the United States and the Soviet Union on one side and China on the other. Japan, therefore, would be a less reliable partner, but perhaps one that could exert an important influence in the power constellation in Asia.

Meanwhile the war is causing various conflicts between Moscow and Peking. It is also costing the Soviet Union a good deal of money, and even the North Vietnamese seem to be feeling increasingly uncomfortable about the upheavals inside China and the possible effects the cultural revolution may have beyond China's borders. The Chinese on foreign territory, whether in Africa or elsewhere, have habitually engaged in ceaseless agitation and subversion, and with some 40,000 Chinese engineers and construction workers in North Vietnam, they are no doubt promoting the message of the cultural revolution wherever they move.

All this would support the thesis that the Soviet Union has an interest in seeing that the war in Vietnam is brought to an end and that when the time comes she will exert her influence to see that it does.

But in the Middle East, interests clash. The Soviet Union wants to be the dominant power in that area, wants to keep it in turmoil, and wants to take over United States and British interests. It would like to see, for instance, American and British oil holdings nationalized. It is therefore difficult to see constructive cooperation developing between the United States and the Soviet Union in the Mideast. The main hope of the United States is that the Soviet Union will gradually find that the military and, above all, the economic aid that the Arabs need will prove to be too high, and that sooner or later the Soviets will also realize that the Arabs are not easy to control, as both the British and the Americans have discovered to their cost.

For the time being, of course, President Nasser will have no choice but to rely entirely on Soviet assistance. The United States can in fact only sit back and wait; it will be in no hurry even if asked to provide help. The Kremlin has done everything possible to re-establish Nasser's leadership. He is still considered to be the man—despite the shattering defeat and his obvious miscalculations and failure of leadership—who has the most popular support in Egypt and in the Arab world. Whether this will prove to be true over a longer period remains to be seen, but so far there is no obvious successor in the wings, which is an additional reason for the Russian decision to continue supporting him. It would not be surprising, though, if they took advantage of his weakness to impose certain conditions. They have insisted that Russian officers be in charge of training Egyptians in the use of their weapons—some 2,000 are already in Egypt—and they are probably demanding that there be more freedom for the activities of Communists in Egypt.

Both the United States and the British have tried to persuade King Hussein to consider initiating negotiations with Israel—for he has lost vital territory—to set in motion the first withdrawals of Israeli troops, and now Egypt's Nasser has agreed to negotiations between Israel and Jordan as long as they are conducted through an intermediary and not directly as Israel is demanding. The Soviet Union will most likely do its best to prevent a long-term settlement in the Middle East that would give the Israelis security. As a consequence, the Middle East will be the scene of a fierce struggle for power and influence between the United States and the Soviet Union.

—HENRY BRANDON.

"This will make Senator Dirksen very happy."

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The Education of Peacemakers

Could teams of dedicated experts be organized and trained to prevent international disputes? A prominent political scientist outlines a plan.

By ARTHUR I. WASKOW

Arthur I. Waskow is resident fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C. This article deals with an idea first suggested by Mrs. Arthur Young and later developed at the Institute for Policy Studies, in a research project undertaken at the request of a committee of the World Association of World Federalists. The article is drawn from a report published by the Dr. W. Junk Publishers, of The Hague.

ONE of the most effective ways of pursuing social change is for men to imagine some future they would like to live within, and then to act in the present to *create* some part of that future, not merely to plead for its creation. Let us then begin with an assertion about the future: that within the next generation the world will need, and can have, a transnational peacekeeping and peace-creating agency under the auspices of the United Nations—*transnational* in the sense that it does not depend upon the support of national governments but upon groups and organizations of people that cut across national lines; *peacekeeping* in the sense that it can cope with outright violence, domestic or international, which seems likely to lead toward international war; *peace-creating* in the sense that it might help to meet some of the desperate needs for food, economic development, and a share in political power which now—unmet among many of the world's people—often lead to war.

If we seek to translate such a future image into present reality, we can plead, or we can create. Let us try the way of creation. It would require us to shape men and start an institution that has no exact precedents. For the peacekeepers we need do not exist today, though one can see the ancestry of their vocation scattered in a dozen different places: the American Seabee, the British bobby, the Cuban militiawoman, the Scandinavian U.N. observer, the Peace Corpsman, India's Shanti Sena nonviolent policeman, and the Red Cross disaster worker. To make a whole training in this new profession out of the old bits and pieces, a new kind of academy would be required. It is this academy that should now be built.

It should be started by private organizations. Ultimately—the sooner the better, on condition that the United Nations achieves a universal membership—the U.N. should be responsible for such a school and for the peacekeepers it trains. But for many good reasons, the U.N. cannot begin the process. So, let private persons and organizations from a number of countries proceed to create a Peacekeepers Academy. It would train men and women for two years to enter the new peacekeeper profession. It might assume for its early years a budget of about $1,000,000 a year and a student body of at least 500, both to be expanded as more money, teachers, and students become available.

Students of the Peacekeepers Academy should be taught to be multilingual and, to some extent, "multicultural." Their loyalties to their home societies should be softened and their loyalties to one another and to some sense of "the world" strengthened. They should be trained in basic police skills, including the careful use of limited weaponry in necessary circumstances; in civil engineering, both in makeshift style and at more "professional" levels; in public health and basic medicine; in teaching and community organizing; and in grassroots diplomacy and mediation.

The peacekeepers created by such an academy would be able to transcend, on the one hand, many of the difficulties that have attended the traditional U.N. emergency peacekeeping forces made up of national units and, on the other, many of the objections that have been made to the notion of a transnational U.N. standing force.

ON the one hand, the emergency forces have had to deal with the military and political problems inherent in ad hoc combinations of contingents of soldiers speaking different languages, holding different loyalties, and trained in different organizations of command that have created distracting and sometimes embarrassing problems. For example, contingents have been withdrawn when their national governments changed policy. Contingents from different nations have pursued conflicting policies that reduced the effectiveness of the total U.N. force. There have been difficulties in establishing firm command lines over hastily assembled diverse units speaking different languages, both literally and figuratively. Where a given force has been heavily dominated by contingents from one or few nations, it has been laid open to charges of bias by the parties in conflict or other U.N. members. The difficulty of assembling policemen, instead of soldiers, from the contributing nations has made it more difficult for the forces to be successful in many situations where policemen,

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not conventional soldiers, would have been most useful.

But, on the other hand, there have been serious difficulties in the way of creating a standing transnational force. The low level of political consensus in the world makes it very difficult for the U.N. to make the political decision to create a standing force that one or more of the great powers fears it might not be able to control, though in the emergency of a given crisis the great-power members of the U.N. have frequently been willing to create and use a force. Moreover, some members have felt that a standing force would be too expensive, since it would do nothing between crises but would cost just as much money then as when it moves into action. Some military experts have warned that the force itself, if a "standing" rather than an emergency group, would be plagued by feelings of boredom and uselessness. The new peacekeeper profession, combining the functions of the police, the community-development team, and the disaster relief service, would be intended to resolve these contradictory problems.

For one thing, such a force would be nearer to the civilian populace and much more easily trainable in the careful peacekeeping typical of the police than would be men in military units.

Second, a standing force that did development work, grassroots conciliation of dangerous conflicts, and disaster relief as well as policing when necessary would have a continuous mission. Its cost, instead of being a drain on world budgets, would constitute an investment that many governments could then "afford." It would build a world-wide fund of political good will if it could assist areas struck by disasters like the Agadir earthquake or the Cuban hurricanes.

Third, because such a force would be both "doing" things and learning new skills continuously between war emergencies, its own men would be involved, not bored; and governments whose citizens enlisted would see the force as a training ground both for those men and for the people in various countries whom the force would train as part of its regular work.

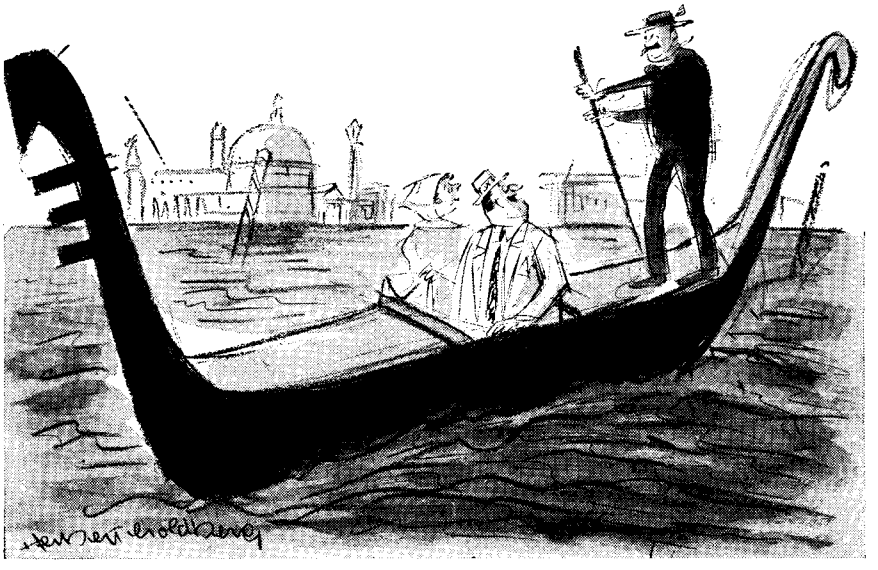
Finally, if such a force had been trained at the same academy and had been working together in teams to deal with chronic despair, hunger, and conflict, its men would be ready to deal with crises on an instant's notice. They would know how to work together, they would follow known and accepted lines of command, they would be committed to one another and to the world community rather than to one or another government.

Is it possible for the peacekeeper profession to be created simply by training men in it, or is there some intrinsic difficulty in teaching men to be, simultaneously, policemen, conciliators, peace corpsmen, and disaster relief workers? Hugh Hanning's report for the World Veterans Federation on "The Peaceful Uses of Military Forces" shows that there is no such difficulty. He describes the "civilian" skills presently incorporated in national military training programs in sixteen countries:

> Nontechnical troops can help to improve sanitary standards; to devise acceptable methods of disposing of human waste; to eradicate malaria and other insect-transmitted diseases; and to provide safe water supplies. . . . In community development, they can prepare plans and engage in the construction of schools, civil centers; and they can help initially to operate some of these projects . . . grading operations; setting up and operating machinery such as sawmills; devising and constructing flood controls; designating, designing, and supervising the construction of buildings; providing larger-scale water supplies . . . the installation, operation, and maintenance of telephone, telegraph, and radio systems; and the setting up and operation of emergency communications centers, especially in time of disaster . . . help in the movement of agricultural produce, seeds, and fertilizers; disaster relief; and road building . . . increasing or improving the production of animals, grain, or vegetables. . . .

Health, nutrition, child care, and other educational activities could easily be added to the list were the recruits to include women. The skills needed for long-term peace-creating in situations of chronic conflict and short-term peace-restoring in a crisis may be somewhat different, but they overlap. The same people could be trained to fill either role, switching back and forth as the situation demanded.

The crucial fact about the curriculum of a Peacekeepers Academy is that the academy will have to learn from its own mistakes and successes, and alumni will have to be constantly feeding back to



"I once rowed third oar for Princeton."

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the academy what they have learned from their work, in order to enrich and change its teaching. The academy's students should from the beginning be as deeply engaged as possible in the kind of work they will do after graduation; the academy ought to be almost as much a project in peacekeeping as a training center for it.

As students reach the academy, the first necessity will be teaching them the languages they will need. It would seem reasonable, considering the world political configuration in which English is the nearest there is to the lingua franca that peacekeepers might need, to require that all students know English from the start, in addition to their mother tongue, and that native English-speakers know some other language from the start. In deciding on languages to learn at the academy, students might be required to choose among Arabic, Spanish, French, Swahili, Portuguese, Hindi-Urdu, and perhaps Malay—the languages most likely to be needed, besides English, in peacekeeping as well as community-development operations. Thus every peacekeeper would, on leaving the academy, speak fluently at least three languages, one of which was English and at least one other spoken by a considerable part of the world's population.

After absorbing the most basic tool, the students could go on to learn police behavior; practical specialties in engineering, agriculture, or public health, and more importantly how to teach others these specialties; and the skills of community organizing and conciliation.

WHAT sort of training is involved in the converging roles of policeman and conciliator? First of all, it is clear that the weaponry that should be made available to a policeman (as distinct from a soldier), and especially to the conciliatory policeman, should be most carefully limited. It seems likely that the peacekeepers would want to have available truly nonlethal chemicals, and to exclude from their arsenal all lethal chemicals. A useful test might be that a nonlethal chemical is one that the students would not mind using on one another in training. Lethal but relatively discriminate weapons such as small arms and rifles might also be needed in the arsenal of the peacekeepers. On almost all occasions, the peacekeepers should be under stricture to avoid the use of such weapons—and, indeed, in Gaza and Cyprus, and during most of the U.N. operation in the Congo, weapons were rarely used. But occasions when they seemed to be needed did occur, and unless the academy were prepared to go all the way with a nonviolent discipline, the men should be trained in the use of limited weaponry.

Simultaneously, however, the training of peacekeepers must focus on how to avoid needing to resort to weaponry. The skills needed are those of patient and sensitive listening; restating the goals of opponents so that each side can understand the other's position and know precisely where the disagreements are and where possible agreements could begin; splitting up over-arching conflicts into specific disputes, the "winning" or "losing" of which seems much less threatening or essential to the parties; representing and affirming through their own stance the "humanness" of both sides to the dispute in situations where the conflict spiral has gone so far that each side is denying that the other is human; and strengthening on each side the conflict-resolving forces most willing to look toward "help" from conflict resolvers on the other side.

By far the most useful training in these skills will be actual participation of academy students in dealing with real ethnic or labor conflicts. For this reason, it may be important to place the academy in an area of known conflict that is expected to continue—a decision that might pay the double dividend of training the students more effectively and, over the long run, easing some important world trouble situation.

To the degree that it is difficult for students to learn conciliation through fieldwork, the academy should fully use the technique of "simulation gaming." In this method, teachers set up a situation analogous to a real-life conflict and ask students to play to the hilt the roles of the parties involved in the conflict. Thus, at the international government level, simulation gaming would have students play the roles of Cabinet officers of great powers, the leadership of the U.N. and of important semiprivate interests like the international oil companies or the "gnomes of Zurich" or the world Communist movement, of public pressure groups within various nations, and of conciliators and peacekeepers. The teachers invent a crisis situation and describe it fully to the students, who then take up their assigned roles and play the situation through to some kind of resolution.

With such an arrangement, students learn not only how the conflict itself feels to the parties in conflict and how interests they have never felt part of (such as world banking interests, for an Indian medical student; the Chinese revolutionary leadership, for a Norwegian lawyer's daughter) would respond to an international crisis, but also how conciliators might deal with the problem. At a different level, the same technique could be used to simulate the clashes of Turkish and Greek Cypriot farmers, or Arab and Israeli border-dwellers, or merchants and villagers in Kerala.

In the process of the game, students would learn to sharpen their perceptions of masked concessions, identify peripheral interests and power groups that could be brought into the situation to restrain hotheads, strengthen their ability to preserve a bearing of firmness and calmness under extreme circumstances, learn what the pressures of lost sleep, rumor, and fear do to parties in a conflict, and begin to invent their own methods of coping with all these problems. The atmosphere of the simulations could range from the bureaucratic but bloody-minded deliberations of government officials in a crisis to the physical violence of street mobs in collision—since the peacekeepers are likely to confront the whole spectrum during their tour of duty. In the process, students would be absorbing information about the history, politics, and social-psychological assumptions of the groups whose roles they play; and many simulations should probably be played through in the languages of the countries or areas in which the simulated conflicts occur.

IN learning how to teach and what to teach, the peacekeepers should probably concentrate on medicine and engineering, because in all the likely situations of peacekeeper involvement—natural disasters, violent crises, and chronically troubled areas of poverty—the danger to human health is likely to be high and the general level of machinery and technology to be low. Students at the Peacekeepers Academy should probably learn the basics of these skills early in their curriculum, then move out into nearby communities in teams, under close supervision, to teach these basics and, in the process, to learn more of their specialties, and return to teach one another what they have learned, thus forcing themselves to learn still more. If some students specialize in health problems, some in agricultural engineering, others in structures like roads and dams, and still others in electrical and electronic engineering, the various specialists can be combined upon graduation from the academy into a highly effective six- to ten-man team. (If married couples are enlisted, the husbands and wives should always specialize in different areas.) These teams could then stay together for several years as they worked in areas of chronic poverty or crises of sudden violence.

If the academy's curriculum took the shape that has been sketched above, what would the academy as a whole look like? In order to keep costs down, it would have to begin fairly small: with a first-year student body of 275, a second-year size of 525 (assuming about twenty-five dropouts during the first year of each entering class). Perhaps the academy should hold steady at that

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point for about five years as it begins to prove its worth, reshape its curriculum in accordance with experience, win new support, calm fears, etc. Such an academy would make available each year after the first a graduating class of about 250, or at least twenty-five teams of peacekeepers. After five years of operation, almost 1,000 men (assuming some 250 would have quit) would be available around the world for peacekeeping duty in emergencies. (These numbers would be quite useful: the U.N. operations in Yemen in 1963 took about 200 men; in West Irian in 1962, about 1,500; in Lebanon in 1958, 100.)

Each member of the academy faculty should be highly skilled in several different directions. Most should be multilingual and be trained in social science, have a number of practical technical skills, and be widely experienced. Such men would normally command high prices on the world academic or governmental market. In order to prevent faculty salaries from becoming so expensive as to make the entire academy impracticable, it may be necessary to think in terms of three- or four-year tours of duty, taken by men out of commitment and out of desire to absorb a new experience, in which their salaries would be reasonable, but lower than they could get on an open market. On these conditions a salary of about $9,000 a year plus free room and board might well be acceptable.

If we postulate an institution of about 525 students at any given moment, with a ratio of one teacher to every thirteen students, we can begin to assess costs. Forty instructors at an average salary of $9,000 a year would cost $360,000; living expenses for 600 faculty, students, and staff would run, at $15 a week (Spartan living by American standards, but a reasonable level in an underdeveloped country), $468,000; and equipment and administration would run about $200,000. Total: $1,028,000. Capital costs cannot easily be assessed; for example, a contribution of land with Spartan housing for about 600 people, plus one building usable for a language laboratory and one classroom building, might be practically enough to begin with, if the students were to build all additional facilities; and the cost of such a contribution would depend very heavily on where it was to be.

The political coloration of the academy will be heavily determined by the process with which planning it is undertaken and a governing board is chosen. In a sense, it is already regrettable that this paper is being written by an American; but this handicap can be surmounted if the Americans involved understand that it must be surmounted *at once*. Spokesmen for Chinese and Soviet interests, as well as spokesmen for American and Western European interests, should be included. Revolutionaries in the "Third World"—those called to mind by Tanzania, Cuba, North Vietnam—must be included, along with those more congenial to most "Western" ears, like leading groups in Mexico or India. It might, indeed, be useful for individuals and groups from the small "neutrals" both of Europe and Afro-Asia (Sweden, Finland, Yugoslavia, Algeria, Cambodia) to have a "disproportionate" share in shaping the future of such an academy. Under no conditions should the academy be allowed to turn into a private or international experiment in counterinsurgency.

In addition, members of the United Nations Secretariat and a wide spectrum of U.N. delegations should be involved, because of their obvious interest in questions of peacekeeping and the obvious hope that graduates of the academy will be acceptable as emergency U.N. peacekeepers.

One possible early step in both planning and creating the academy might be the holding of a summer planning and training session that would bring together from around the world a number of the people who should be engaged in the academy itself. If fifteen of the sorts of men who should be on the academy's faculty (a Brazilian engineer, a Canadian U.N.-Force officer, a Tanzanian public-health physician, an Egyptian language teacher, a Burmese Red Cross worker) were brought together with about fifteen of the sorts of people who should be its students, the group could both actually begin to do the kind of learning and teaching suitable for the academy and propose more detailed answers to a number of questions about its site, size, and form. Many of these people might go on to become members of the board, the faculty, and the student body of the academy. The costs of the summer session would, of course, be much lower than those of the academy in actual operation, and potential donors might well fund the summer session first and watch its proceedings to see whether the academy would be likely to succeed and whether, therefore, a larger investment seemed worthwhile.

One question that will come up very quickly is the choice of administrators to actually get the academy going and to interview and recommend the first faculty. It might be wise to consider pairing two administrators who would join in this task, each from a different kind of "neutral" country and each with some different kind of relevant expertise: perhaps, for example, an expert in peacekeeping from Scandinavia and an expert in grassroots economic development from a revolutionary African state. The two men might have to agree on all faculty nominees, thus preventing any unintended skewing of the faculty to one or another political view or expertise.

ANOTHER question sure to be among the earliest before any planning committee or board will be that of a site for the academy. It does not follow that a decision need be made in haste, and there are so many factors to be weighed that unless a remarkable site is made available quickly, the decision might well be delayed until other arrangements are complete. The factors include those of symbolic importance of the site (in line with the necessity of building a special esprit de corps among the peacekeepers and a special mystique around them); the political weight of various sites; the educational value of locating in an underdeveloped country and perhaps in one with a chronic internal conflict; the financial attractiveness of possible added interest from prospective

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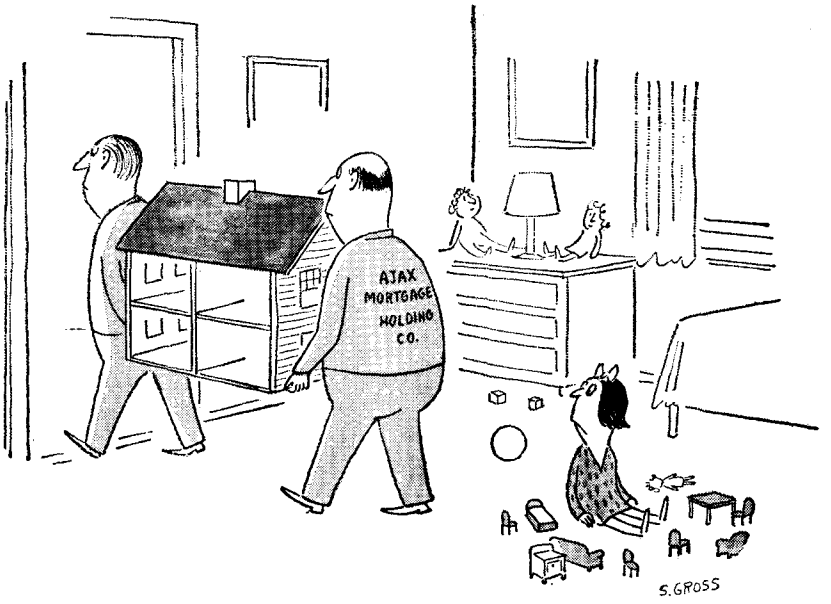

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REPORT FROM THE U. N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

By CLARK M. EICHELBERGER

IN THE CLOSING DAYS of the Emergency Session of the U.N. General Assembly on the Middle East, a flame of hope was ignited by the Soviet delegation. It was snuffed out by their Arab allies. The Soviet Union, to salvage something from the stalemate of the Emergency Session which it had insisted be called, approached the United States delegation with the suggestion that an attempt be made to find a formulation of the same principles which had been embodied in the Latin American resolution. To Mr. Gromyko's chagrin, the more militant of the Arab states refused to accept it. There remained nothing to do but to refer the matter back to the Security Council and to adjourn temporarily with authorization to the President of the General Assembly to reconvene the session as and when necessary.

For weeks the General Assembly was deadlocked between two resolutions, neither one of which could command a two-thirds vote. The resolution of the nonaligned countries, which was introduced by Yugoslavia, in effect called upon Israel to withdraw from the occupied territory without any accompanying safeguards. The Latin American resolution would have accompanied Israel's withdrawal with the ending of the Arab state of belligerency and looked toward freedom of transit on international waterways in the region.

In the closing hours Mr. Gromyko, as though no agreement had been reached, blamed the United States for the failure of the General Assembly to achieve results. Mr. Goldberg's reply was very significant. He said: "The representative of the Soviet Union more than any other man in this hall can bear witness that the United States made every effort, even at the last minute, to arrive at a meeting of minds with which this Assembly could concur."

Was it unwise for the General Assembly to have met at all? Some delegates believe an inconclusive debate weakens the organization. Or was it important under any circumstances, as other delegates argued, for the General Assembly to present a picture of the tensions and the state of public opinion in the world today? An answer can best be given through an analysis of what happened.

The debate in the General Assembly was in a sense unreal. Anyone listening to over 100 speeches might have the idea that the mood of the body was definitely anti-Israel. One recalls the classic remark of Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban that this was a strange situation in which the victor asked for peace and the vanquished demanded unconditional surrender. The speeches against Israel from the Arab, the Moslem, and all but one of the Communist delegates were unqualified in their criticism. Day after day, delegates of the Arab states which had threatened Israel with extinction, including Egypt which had demanded the withdrawal of UNEF and had closed the Gulf of Aqaba, shouted charges of aggression at Israel in the most violent terms.

THERE was something unseemly in the Soviet Union mounting a fantastic diplomatic offensive against Israel, demanding the Assembly condemn her "guilt," insisting upon the withdrawal of her troops and the payment of reparations.

On the other hand, the speakers who were understanding of Israel's situation were temperate and objective. Many of them were delegates from Latin America and the Western powers. They too urged the withdrawal of Israeli armies from occupied territory, but this to be accompanied by renunciation of Arab claims to belligerency and by granting Israel access to Suez and Aqaba. They urged security for Israel, a broad solution of the refugee problem, and internationalization of the holy places if not the old city as well. This moderation was indicated by a majority of the votes cast if not by a majority of the speeches. Many of those abstaining sympathized with this point of view.

The debate in the Emergency General Assembly, as in most parliamentary bodies in times of crisis, exposed deep-seated motives and emotions. The debate highlighted the breakup of the five-power system. The United States delegation, ably led by Arthur Goldberg, was a strong voice for constructive solutions. It was not helped by the shadow of Vietnam. The British were also constructive.

On the other hand, the role of France was not only uncooperative but demeaning. General de Gaulle, ignoring the General Assembly, could not succeed in holding a four-power conference away from it. The speech of the French foreign minister was rather casual; and the head of the French Mission lobbied with the French-speaking African states against the resolution supported by the United States and the United Kingdom.

Some of the Communist and Arab delegates denounced Israel as a creature of colonialism and attempted to identify themselves with the African struggle for freedom. The African votes, however, were divided between support for one or the other resolutions and abstentions.

In an Assembly not distinguished for oratory and clarity, there were, however, some excellent speeches. Paul Martin of Canada spoke with the historical perspective of one whose country has played a constructive role in the United Nations from the beginning. The Prime Minister of Rumania departed from the position of other Communist states to support direct negotiations between Israel and the Arab states. One of the greatest orators, of course, was Abba Eban. His opening day speech answering Premier Kosygin was a masterpiece.

Neither the nonaligned resolution behind which the Soviet Union had thrown its strength nor the Latin American resolution behind which the United States had thrown its strength commanded the necessary two-thirds majority. The General Assembly, however, was considered a disaster for the Soviet Union, which had taken the unprecedented step of insisting that there be an emergency session although no veto on the Mideast problem had been cast in the Security Council. The Soviet Union counted on the mobilization of world-wide public opinion against Israel. It didn't succeed.

The situation remains very serious. No one can yet tell the extent of Soviet ambitions. How much of the war material that the Arab states lost will be replaced by the Soviet Union? Quite obviously Moscow wishes to restore its prestige with the Arabs and to entrench itself in the Middle East at the expense of the United States and the United Kingdom. Will Moscow encourage the Arab states to refuse to negotiate a final settlement, even to the point of opening another round in the Middle East fight? It may be that Arab unity and intransigency maintained at the General As-

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sembly was a façade that is breaking up.

The role of Israel is the difficult one of an intended victim that has suddenly won an overwhelming victory. It does not wish or cannot in the long run keep much of the territory which it has occupied. It cannot withdraw except hand in hand with negotiations which will guarantee Israel's security in the future. How magnanimous should it appear to be? Jerusalem is a case in point. A resolution of the General Assembly deplored Israel's effort to incorporate the old city of Jerusalem into the new city contrary to an earlier resolution. Abba Eban spoke movingly about the ecumenical spirit in Jerusalem as a result of breaking down the barriers separating the new and the old city and plans for the holy places to be administered by the religious communities concerned. Had Mr. Eban been able to put in one of his speeches a phrase in reference to Jerusalem, "pending the establishment of permanent peace," the wide criticism might have been avoided. It would have been a powerful gesture had Mr. Eban been able to offer Jordan a customs union, joint responsibility for Jerusalem, and a route across the Negev.

It must not be forgotten that the General Assembly made possible a summit conference between Chairman Kosygin and President Johnson. This conference may be a sleeper because any constructive results may not be revealed for some time.

The General Assembly has been a mirror reflecting the world as it is. The Assembly highlighted the many differences between the great powers. It reflected again the many new states struggling for self-expression, identification, and leadership. It met against a background of disturbances in the Congo, Vietnam, and elsewhere. To some extent all of them are problems coexistent with the breakup of colonialism, the disintegration of empire, and the creation of new and unsettled states. It exposed Soviet ambitions. It demonstrated the weakness of the U.N. peacekeeping machinery. It demonstrated that despite all of the confusion and lack of leadership, there is a basis of reasonableness and desire for constructive solutions. The margin between reasonableness and prejudice, however, was altogether too thin. Reason could not command a two-thirds vote.

We are concerned with the long-range tasks which, judging from events in the General Assembly today, need to be faced. The United Nations must be vastly strengthened. It must function as the governmental machinery and law of the world community. A community must have a sense of cohesion. It must be based upon a foundation of law which it respects. Looking at the meetings just concluded it could be said that the General Assembly is a parliamentary body that cannot make decisions and the Security Council is an executive body that cannot enforce them. Yet, certainly hand in hand with the machinery of government, the U.N. must develop a sense of community ideals and principles; otherwise, decisions of assemblies and councils could become tyranny.

Statesmanship will always be important. Men are needed as well as laws. The world, however, cannot be on such a thin margin of stability that it can be the victim of one statesman's whims or depend on the possibility of a summit conference between President Johnson and Chairman Kosygin. It should not be necessary for the consent of belligerents to be secured for the United Nations to station truce teams and armistice observers.

A SENSE of common identity, principles, and ideals must grow. Any society must have a considerable number of members who will look beyond their immediate interests to consider the interests of the community as a whole. The majority of the speeches that were delivered in the General Assembly may be divided into two groups: those that represented only immediate self-interest or prejudices, and those which not only expressed a point of view of their own country but took into consideration the interests of the world community. Such objectivity and stability sustain government. These qualities could not long remain dominant unless they were organized into government.

A few statesmen, altogether too few, painted a picture of the rich prospect of the Middle East area if all nations would cooperate in a broad economic and social program. Several referred to the U.N. plan for a TVA on the Jordan which Eric Johnston developed many years ago. The efforts of the U.N. family to tie nations together in bonds of economic and social cooperation are available to the Middle East. This vast program went on elsewhere day by day despite the political crisis. Anyone visiting the U.N. press room would have found comfort seeing the reports of these economic and social efforts among the communiqués of belligerency.

The crisis in the Middle East clearly demonstrates that the United Nations must move from armistice to positive solutions there and elsewhere. The existence of the U.N. has been essential to the peace of the world in the last twenty years. Without it the world might not have survived. It is time now to advance from preventing or stopping conflict day by day to building the foundations of a peaceful world.

Consequently, the supreme task of statesmen, of educators, of molders of public opinion is to contribute to the sense of world unity and to strengthen the law and the machinery of the United Nations to give effect to it.

"Mr. Chairman, will you kindly direct the Honorable Senator to restrict his remarks to the motion on the floor and quit trying out material for his new recording!"

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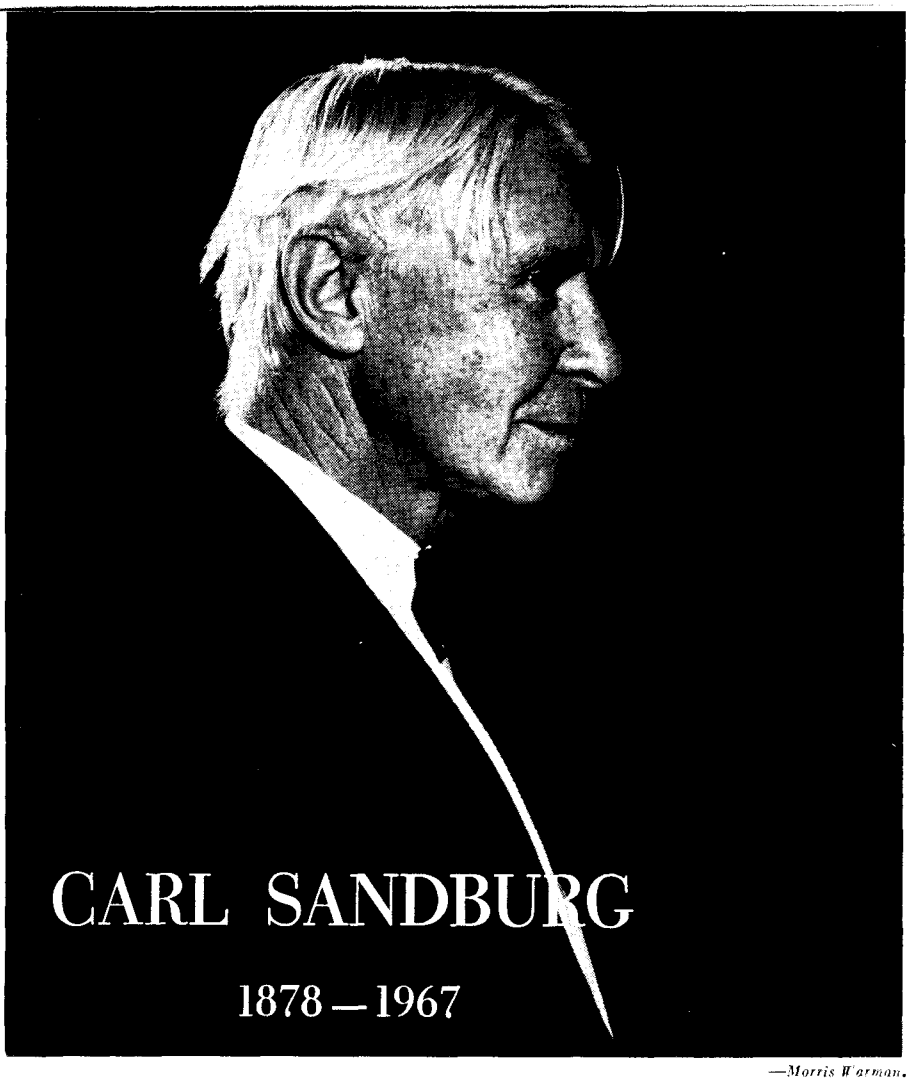

—Morris Warman.

By HERBERT MITGANG

CARL SANDBURG wrote his autobiography in a series of books called *Always the Young Strangers, Chicago Poems, The People, Yes, The American Songbag, Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years,* and *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years.* Only the first of these was a formal autobiography and it took him only through his soldiering days as a private in the Sixth Infantry Regiment of Illinois Volunteers in the Spanish-American War. The rest of his life can best be discovered by reading his works—literally, for his lifestyle informed his poetry, biography, and history.

When he addressed a joint session of Congress on the 150th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, Sandburg ended by citing the letter Lincoln wrote about a proposed marble monument for a beloved friend, Representative Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, who died in the midst of the Civil War. And Sandburg quoted Lincoln: "Let him have the marble monument, along with the well-assured and more enduring one in the hearts of those who love liberty, unselfishly, for all men."

Before Carl Sandburg is enshrined in marble, a handful of living memories may be relevant from an honored, occasional companion. In the last line of *Always the Young Strangers,* Carl wrote: "If it can be done, it is not a bad practice for a man of many years to die with a boy heart." It was the boy heart that pumped bravely and freely through much of his life and writing. He was not as stiff-necked as some of his critics; he was willing to speak with candor though he wrote with great care; in a convivial mood he was one of the most joyous of men. He used that marvelous voice of his as an instrument—his friend, Andres Segovia, recently told me that Carl's pitch was musically sound—and he was interested in how others expressed themselves. To Tallulah Bankhead he said, "I'd like to put your voice in my pocket."

We were walking around his *Prairie Years* country a few years ago, and he relaxed by throwing out two-liners:

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"No, but I want you to know that I'm a lot more particular than I used to be."

"Have you a criminal lawyer in this burg?"

"We think so but we haven't been able to prove it on him yet."

In Springfield, we passed a Walgreen's and he spotted a sign in the window saying $2.98 watches were reduced to $1.89. "Let's get us a couple of watches and clocks," he said. We also got some jackknives, which he loved. He used them to cut his cigars in half and, where some dudes carry handkerchiefs, he stuffed cigar butts. When he got to the end of the butt, he took out a pocket knife, jabbed it neatly into the tobacco, and used it as a handle for the last half-inch. He called this, grinning, a hobo way of "sucking the nick-o-teen."

The commonplace in the streets he made uncommon, vulgar, and sometimes hilarious. A sign said: CARS LOVE SHELL. He expanded on this: CARS WORSHIP SHELL . . . CARS ARE JUST PASSIONATE ABOUT SHELL.

The language of advertising offended him, and he despised and mocked com-

Herbert Mitgang, a member of *The New York Times* Editorial Board, is editing Carl Sandburg's letters.

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mercials on television. At dinner he used a gadget to cut them off. "Here comes a woman who *inhales*," he said. "Click, click." As we ate, he parodied TV commercials with an old jingle before he swallowed: "Through the lips and over the tongue—Look out, guts! Here I come!" That, he explained, came from the old fad of "Fletcherizing"—tasting all the food.

His system of bestowing autographs in restaurants and on the street had a certain logic. If a youngster came over with a napkin to sign, he usually did. If an adult male came, he would quiz him on how many of his books he had read; if the answer was satisfactory, he might sign or ask him to return with one of the books. If an adult female asked, chances would increase based on the degree of pulchritude. A well-thumbed Sandburg book always helped. Waitresses, shoeshine boys, and airline hostesses usually got his firm block signature, but respectable-looking stuffed shirts rarely.

He could blast politicians, especially Republicans. One evening after dinner we walked into the Illinois State Capitol building. He mentioned that he knew the Governor's father when the latter served as a Chicago alderman. A Republican publicist handed Sandburg some political literature, which he accepted; but then the publicist added, "This literature is given to you courtesy of the Secretary of State." Sandburg exploded, "You can tell the Secretary of State to go to hell!" Later I asked him why he had jumped on the poor fellow, and Sandburg softly explained, "The Statehouse is no place to give out political literature."

IN his hometown of Galesburg, we stood in front of "Old Main" on the Knox College campus, where Lincoln had debated Douglas in 1858. As a youth delivering milk, Carl had cut across the campus many times and read the plaque with Lincoln's phrase that "they are blowing out the moral lights around us," referring to slave owners. Here Sandburg could not resist striking out at some favorite targets. "I would say to those who are known in this hour in our country as Birchers," he said, sneering, "I would say that those who propose to impeach a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, without saying what evidence they have—they are hoping that they blow out moral lights around us." And, warming up in front of the Knox students, he continued, "The Birch Society is secret, like the Nazis. Those who want to impeach Chief Justice Warren don't know America. Richard Milhous Nixon," he added, sarcastically, somehow making the pronunciation sound evil. "General Eisenhower, he was silent during the McCarthy era. Why?" This was Adlai Stevenson territory, and Sandburg, as an old friend and campaigner for the Governor and Presidential candidate, was feeling his political oats.

An owl-eyed student from the college paper tried to get a rise out of Sandburg, and succeeded, by asking him what he thought of the poetry of Robert Frost. Sandburg snarled, "How many of my poems and his have you read?" The student mumbled in shock, mentioned a few, and then retreated. I was interested in the answer (many people asked *him this*) *myself*.

Later that night in his hotel room, we sat around drinking his favorite black-label Jack Daniel's. First we had some with soda. Then we drank it with water. Finally, when we got close to the bottom of the bottle, we found the proper formula—neat, over ice. At this point, I felt emboldened to ask him the question, too:

"Carl, what *do* you think of Frost's stuff?"

"Robert Frost is a fine poet, but. . .," he said, without a trace of malice and more in sorrow, " . . . But what can you expect from him? He's a Re-pub-lican."

We headed the next day for 331 East Third Street, where he was born January 6, 1878. It is a three-room frame house, the second house east of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy tracks. He began to sing. "Mama, mama, mama, have you heard the news? Daddy got killed on the C-B-and-Qs." The house is lovingly preserved by the Carl Sandburg Association. "My father swung a hammer and sledge at the railway blacksmith shop," Sandburg said. "He used an X to sign his name. There ought to be an organization made up of people whose fathers couldn't write their signatures—it might tell a little bit more about this country than some of the so-called super-patriot organizations."

Here in this Swedish pioneer's cottage, with little more protection against the elements than a log cabin, Carl was born on a cornhusk mattress. One of his great prairie poems, from *Cornhuskers*, came to the surface:

> I was born on the prairie and the milk
> of its wheat, the
> red of its clover, the eyes of its women,
> gave me a song and a slogan.

Through Galesburg the trains of many railroads run—the CB&Q, the Burlington, the Santa Fe. Long ago the night whistles had summoned Sandburg on the road to Chicago and thence across America. Now, too, he heard Chicago calling. But first he checked in by phone with his brilliant, warm wife, Paula, at the farm in Flat Rock, North Carolina, to tell her he was on his way home. He read her a newspaper editorial about his visit to Galesburg.

"Paula," he said, "did you know what you're married to? It says here that I'm a 'white-thatched octogenarian.'" And, perhaps recalling the days early in this century when both were Social-Democratic Party organizers, she said, "You've been called worse things, buddy."

No train was fast enough to get out of the home town. Saying goodbye to an old friend, Max Goodsill of Knox College, he said, "Shake the hand that shook the hand of Elvis Presley." Then we caught a two-engine feeder plane on a one-slice-of-chewing-gum airline. Sandburg tried to settle back comfortably in the narrow seat. The plane shook and shuddered into the sky. When the chewing gum arrived, Carl opened his eyes, reached for a slice and put it in his jacket pocket next to the cut cigar butts, and asked the blushing hostess her name. "You're not what's wrong with this airline," he said, and, settling back, he took out a bandana, placed it across his eyes, and dreamed his way to Chicago.

Lines from Sandburg

I am the people—the mob—the crowd
—the mass.
Do you know that all the great work
of the world is done through me?
—I Am the People, the Mob.

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's
Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders.
—Chicago.

The fog comes on little cat feet.
—Fog.

The republic is a dream.
Nothing happens unless first a dream.
—Washington Monument by Night.

Man is a long time coming.
Man will yet win.
Brother may yet line up with brother:
This old anvil laughs at many broken
hammers.
There are men who can't be bought.
—The People Will Live On.

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Saturday Review

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A Global Ombudsman

Editor's note: *The author of the following guest editorial served on political science faculties at Columbia University and C.C.N.Y. and is chairman, Conference of U.N. Representatives.*

A significant new proposal for the protection of human rights and the advancement of fundamental freedoms will be on the agenda of the regular session of the United Nations General Assembly in the fall. It calls for the establishment of a U.N. High Commissioner's Office for Human Rights, a central and permanent global institution charged with the task of maintaining vigilance over the state of human rights everywhere. After an intensive study and debate, the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, meeting in March and April in Geneva, approved the ground-breaking proposal by a vote of 20 to 7.

Since 1968 will mark the 20th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and will be commemorated throughout the world as International Human Rights Year, the idea of a High Commissioner appears signally appropriate and timely. For if the United Nations has been extraordinarily successful during the past twenty years in formulating standards of conduct, it has been sadly negligent in creating institutions and procedures for translating these standards into actual observance. Implementation currently constitutes a yawning gap—a gap which could effectually be bridged by a High Commissioner for Human Rights.

The setting of standards, of course, has had an intrinsic educational value. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, in large part the product of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's dedication, has become common currency with its meaning and implications understood everywhere. Many of the new nations have voluntarily incorporated its provisions in their Constitutions and various national tribunals have taken individual articles of the Declaration as their point of departure in rendering decisions. Upon its base there has been erected a scaffolding of more than a dozen legally binding treaties, including the twin Covenants on Civil and Political Rights and on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights, adopted unanimously by the General Assembly last December.

Yet annually and with increasing impatience and frustration the General Assembly has complained about the continuing violations of human rights and the tragic manifestations of racial and religious intolerance in large parts of the world. The violations are frequently the source of tensions which threaten conflict and violence, as the crises over Kashmir, Cyprus, Rhodesia, and South Africa illustrate. The late President John F. Kennedy, in his historic speech at American University on June 10, 1963, summed up the axiomatic character of the relationship when he rhetorically asked: "Is not peace, in the last analysis, a matter of human rights?"

The mandate of the U.N. High Commissioner, as drafted by the Commission on Human Rights, would be sufficiently broad and flexible to enable his office to cope with burgeoning crises or to fill unmet needs. At the request of U.N. organs, he could give "advice and assistance" in the form of fact-finding or quiet diplomatic mediation. Individual states might seek his expert aid and services in creating institutions for securing human rights, or in giving effect to various United Nations human rights treaties.

A particularly important function assigned to the High Commissioner involves complaints about human rights violations from individuals or nongovernmental organizations. These complaints, euphemistically referred to as "communications" in U.N. language, have until now been simply received and filed by the Commission on Human Rights, with action specifically precluded by ECOSOC resolution 728F (XXVIII). The High Commissioner would have access to these "communications," and "whenever he deems it appropriate" he could bring them to the attention of those governments to which the complaints explicitly refer. Exercised with tact and discretion, this technique could ameliorate conditions and reduce grievances.

The effective functioning of such an institution, given the nature of a world society yet fractured by competing and often hostile state entities, can be realized only if the High Commissioner is a personage of complete independence, impeccable integrity, and unquestionable prestige and authority.

The proposed High Commissioner has been compared with the "ombudsman" institution which has already taken firm root in each of the Scandinavian countries and has spread beyond to New Zealand, the United Kingdom, and even to Nassau County in New York. While the parallel cannot be pushed too far—the High Commissioner's function would necessarily be limited and circumscribed by the General Assembly and the contending sovereignties which compose it—nonetheless the creation of the High Commissioner would respond to the same fundamental problem of our epoch that inspired the ombudsman concept: how to protect the individual from the growing, indifferent, and faceless monolith of state bureaucracy.

Resistance to the High Commissioner proposal can be anticipated in the General Assembly from those still excessively jealous of untrammeled state sovereignty. But the U.N. Charter begins with the words "We the Peoples," and the same compact obligates states (in Article 55) to promote "universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all." The Assembly can fulfill this obligation in no more effective manner, on the eve of the 20th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, than by creating finally the implementation machinery which will give force to the Declaration.

—William Korey.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hospital Insurance Plan

REFERRING TO the interesting article by Roul Tunley, "Why Not Compulsory Hospital Insurance?" [*SR*, July 8], I would remind your readers that in 1965 the Governor's Committee on Hospital Costs, of which I was chairman, recommended a hospital insurance law for workers and their families in New York State, to be financed on a contributory basis by employers and employees.

The Committee proposed that the 1949 law, requiring employees to be covered for temporary disability benefits, be amended to include hospital and related services at various levels, including ambulatory, home care, and long-term care. The benefits would be provided by Blue Cross or insurance companies through company plans.

About two-thirds of all employees have some protection under existing plans, but many employees have inadequate or no protection. The Committee stated: "The single most important step to assure the people of ability to obtain and to pay for needed hospital care with a maximum of efficiency would be the enactment of a state hospital insurance law."

The proposal of the Governor and Legislative leaders presented at the last session of the Legislature did not follow important recommendations of the Governor's Committee, and few interested groups were consulted in advance. At the hearings there was considerable opposition, and no action was taken.

I feel that if a bill, carefully drawn after consultation with various interested groups, were thoroughly discussed and understood, it would receive support. I am hoping that action will be taken at the next session of the New York State Legislature.

MARION B. FOLSOM,
Eastman Kodak Company.
Rochester, N.Y.

Olympian Birth

REGARDING the *SR* feature, YOUR LITERARY I. Q. [July 8], you asked the reader to choose the mothers of the listed mythical persons. In particular, you said that Metis was the mother of Athena.

It has always been our understanding that Athena had no mother. Upon checking our possible error, we discovered in Edith Hamilton's *Mythology* that "Metis warned Zeus that if she bore him a child it would be greater than he. Zeus then swallowed her and later Athena sprang from his head." If that is true, you have a rather roundabout way of crediting Metis with motherhood.

CAROLE CRUTCHFIELD.
Danville, Va.

A Cybernetic Future

IN HIS ARTICLE, "The Cybernetic Age: An Optimist's View" [*SR*, July 15], Glenn T. Seaborg has expressed clearly and succinctly the essential nature of the cybernetic revolution. His references to education, however, could be elaborated.

The methodology of education should stress the heuristic or problem-solving method, and students should be taught to teach themselves. The curriculum of the elementary and secondary schools should be revised to include direct instruction and greater emphasis on philosophy, psychology, teaching methods, learning processes and methods of study, information retrieval and use of libraries, cybernetics, science of research (zetetics), advanced reading and vocabulary building, and the science of problem solving (heuristics).

An educational system based on these ideas would go far toward bringing about harmonious relationships in this scientific and technological world.

GILBERT LORENZ.
Urbana, Ill.

GLENN T. SEABORG'S optimistic view of the "Cybernetic Age" was both interesting and thought-provoking but, as it seems to me, not wholly devoid of utopian elements. It appears obvious that a cybernated future will offer a freedom unparalleled in the history of mankind. But this freedom is only pure possibility: for stagnation and death as well as growth and life.

DANIEL G. CONKLIN.
Rainier National Park, Wash.

"Out!"

Vietnam and the U.N.

APROPOS N.C.'s editorial, "Patriotism and Vietnam" [*SR*, May 13], I am, like so many other Americans, troubled by our situation in Vietnam; and more than troubled, puzzled by one aspect of it.

Has there ever been a strong effort on the part of the United States to bring the Vietnamese war before the United Nations membership?

If aggression exists, should it not be brought to the attention of the U.N., recognized as such by the world, and dealt with by that organization?

Furthermore, in the event that the United Nations should fail to find that aggression does in fact exist, then would it not be right for us to withdraw, leaving the situation under the surveillance and control of the United Nations?

Aside from the grievous suffering being visited on the Vietnamese people, for whom we have arbitrarily decided that they are better off dead than Red, it would seem to me that by acting as we have without the sanction of the United Nations, we are dealing that organization what may turn out to be a death blow.

(MRS.) ANN HERNANDEZ.
Pacifica, Calif.

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How to Cover Wars

THE EGYPTIAN MISSION to the United Nations asked CBS News for a print of the network's recently broadcast special, *How Israel Won The War*. President Nasser's new military leaders may want to study the film for hints on how not to lose a war in six days. The Israeli generals who spoke on the program were extraordinarily candid about their strategy and tactics. Pentagon officials said that the film could be useful to the American military establishment as an effective teaching tool.

The educational reverberations of the Israeli victory reach beyond the military dimension. The network news departments can pick up valuable pointers on how to cover wars for viewers regrettably compelled to survey their environment and who are fascinated by the spectacle of organized murder among nations. The ideal coverage style—in the opinion of this viewer, who has followed the relevant lessons on the air before, during, and after the Sinai-Jordan-Syria campaign—is one that would combine in a single team the talents of the perceptive reporter, the military expert, and the longer-looking historian, who might even have the reflective eye of the philosopher. There is no such team, at present, and there is hardly likely to be; but if nominations were in order, among candidates who covered the Middle East fighting, I would suggest Rod MacLeish, chief correspondent for Group W (Westinghouse Broadcasting Company); Mike Wallace, CBS News; and Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall (Ret.), historian and military critic.

Ironically, Mr. MacLeish's performance was never broadcast. He delivered an informal talk, shortly after his return from the war fronts, to a small, invited audience at the Overseas Press Club. It was a brilliant, illuminating, spoken essay given without text or notes and with only a large, roughly drawn map of the battle areas, as a visual aid. The combat phase of the Arab-Israel struggle came tersely and lucidly at the end of his talk. The essential vision was the long, curving arc, going back more than 2,000 years to biblical times and embracing the tragic, symbiotic relationship of the Arab and Israeli Semite peoples in the Holy Land. It recalled the Diaspora, the eruption and retreat of Arab power to and from Europe, and it contained the revealing observation that the Arabs were a people with plentiful land searching for a collective identity, while the Jews with an infrangible identity sought the dream of a land.

How Israel Won The War, the CBS News Special that featured Mike Wallace and General Marshall, did not attempt the historical view; but it vividly fused sharp journalism and military expertise. Both men had been quickly thrown together as a team to report, from the studio, the swift-moving Israeli victory in June. Carpenters had built a large map in which, as in a cockpit, sat the newsman and the soldier, stretching long, mobile poles along the simulated battlefields. The General, in pre-broadcast briefings, taught the reporter enough so that he could ask the right questions on the air. CBS News executives, when the cease-fire came, were imaginative enough to team the pair again for a special reprise of the war, this time at the scene of the fighting.

They interviewed Israeli military leaders and captured Egyptian generals. Israeli officials had banned television interviews of their top commanders, but they lifted the ban expressly for General Marshall, author of *Sinai Victory*, a book about the 1956 desert campaign that was highly thought of by the Israelis. The team successfully caught the "big picture" of the war by shrewd, comprehensive questioning of the Israeli high commanders, while the fighting was still fresh in their memories. The expertise of the General yielded unexpected dividends when he commented, ad lib, on the poor military engineering of Arab trenches.

It was a revealing insight that only a military expert could convey out of vast experience. An NBC News Special a week later, *Israel—Victory or Else...*, did not compare favorably with the CBS program. At the opposite extreme of the Rod MacLeish prophetic account, the NBC retelling of the Israeli victory, with newsmen John Chancellor and Dean Brelis, was pedestrian chronology, studio-bound, generally familiar and superficial, except for a few moving scenes of Israeli soldiers bidding children farewell as they left for the front. Like the Egyptians, NBC made the mistake of reporting from fixed positions; CBS, like the victors, was mobile. No team, however varied its qualities, can get the whole story, and for broadcast, the discipline of selection is inevitably hard.

Rod MacLeish, speaking to his peers at the Overseas Press Club, could indulge his scholarly gift. Unseen multitudes on the air probably would inhibit him, depressing the level of his report and reflections. War news reporting on the networks would be elevated, however, if a team of correspondents could include his historical approach to the explosive, contemporary event. Such an approach cannot be won in hurried briefings; it is the fruit of a love of learning. Add to this approach the ready intelligence of a Mike Wallace, who can sponge up and funnel patterns of action to audiences. Complete the team with a critical military intelligence, essentially print-oriented, and you would have a combination that could elegantly ride the whirlwind of the tragic entertainment which is war on television.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"Your father has done exceptionally well in life, and he has never felt the need to smoke anything but his two packs of Chesterfields a day, and an occasional Corona-Corona."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Always-Willing Winifred

AWHILE ago, reviewing a new edition of Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano,* together with a selection of Lowry's letters (*SR,* Dec. 4, 1965), I commented on the fact that Lowry was disturbed because Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend* appeared and achieved great popular success before he had finished his own novel, which also dealt with alcoholism, among many other things. I said in effect that Lowry need not have worried, because his was the better book and in time had been generally recognized as such. Well, that is true; but I could have praised *Under the Volcano* without seeming to disparage *The Lost Weekend,* which has its own kind of excellence.

I am reminded of all this because Jackson, twenty-three years after *The Lost Weekend,* has written another novel that, without being a literary masterpiece, deserves to be taken seriously. Like *The Lost Weekend, A Second-Hand Life* (Macmillan, $5.95) is a study of human weakness. Here he examines two kinds of compulsion, which seem to be diametrically opposed but are in fact closely related.

The scene is a region of upstate New York near the Finger Lakes, an area about which Jackson wrote in the stories collected in *The Sunnier Side,* and the novel covers the years from about 1925 to about 1950. The three major characters are introduced in the first few pages. When Winifred Grainger hears of the death of Jack Sanford, the one man she has loved out of the scores with whom she has had sexual relations, she asks Harry Harrison to accompany her to the funeral. Harry, one of the men she has not slept with, is her closest friend and only confidant.

It is amazing how many male novelists have written about wicked or at any rate unconventional females. Daniel Defoe in *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* (1721) and John Cleland in *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure,* commonly known as *Fanny Hill* (1749), wrote about prostitutes, both of them being audacious enough to write in the first person. Madame Bovary and Anna Karenina are sinners of a more romantic kind, and Lady Brett and Lady Chatterley revel in infidelity.

Winifred Grainger is a little like Lady Brett in the power of her lusts and a little like Dreiser's Sister Carrie in her refusal to pretend to be anything but what she is. At the age of eight she became conscious of the male figure. At eleven she was seduced, found the experience agreeable, and returned for more. In high school she was notorious as an easy lay and was ostracized by the polite society of Arcadia, to which she belonged by birth as the daughter of the local banker. At twenty she not only went happily to bed with Jack Sanford, who was fifteen years older, but fell in love with him. When, however, he dropped her after three months because of his social and economic ambitions, she was too proud to protest or even to tell him that she was pregnant. Although she never got over this love affair, she continued to have many men, and on her return from his funeral she nearly wrecks her car because of a glimpse of an attractive farmer in a roadside field. At forty-five she knows that her "daemon" is inescapable.

Wisely, I think, Jackson makes no effort to explain Winifred's obsessive appetite for sexual experiences; he simply regards it as a fact, as she herself does. "That's me, Harry," Winifred thinks after the funeral; "I was born that way; it's as simple as that. I have a hunch . . . that people are born the way they are and nothing would have made any difference." It would be pretty crummy, she believes, for her to blame the middle-aged Don Juan who seduced her when she was eleven: "I was ready for it as he was."

WINIFRED dominates the book, and in the first two-thirds Harry Harrison seems merely a convenient literary device, someone to whom Winifred can talk about herself. But then we have Harry's story, the story of a boy who would rather read poetry to a girl than neck with her. Not homosexual in any overt sense, he is afraid not so much of women as of responsibility. He avoids not only sexual relationships but involvements of any sort.

I think Jackson understands Harry better than he does Winifred, but that may be because I understand him better than I do her. I have known a certain number of men who made woman-chasing a career, and it is reasonable to suppose that there are women who are always on the make, who have what is commonly thought of as the male attitude towards sex; but I have never been acquainted with anyone quite like Winifred. Harry Harrisons, on the other hand, as Winifred observes, are to be found almost everywhere.

After the funeral, which proves to be an unexpectedly shattering experience for Harry and a moving one for Winifred, they sit for a time on a hillside, not talking much but thinking. "At one point Harry Harrison suddenly said, 'Winifred, why don't we get married?' And then, embarrassed, he felt constrained to add, with that masquerading

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facetiousness so characteristic of him when he was most serious, 'Oh, I know I'm no bargain. At best I can only offer you,' he said lightly, 'a second-hand life.'" Winifred thinks: "All wrong, Harry. All wrong, my dear friend. Mine is the second-hand life—used, shopworn, tarnished—maybe even, according to some people's lights, rotten. But yours—yours is a life lived at second-hand—life seen through a plate-glass window: safe, untouched, bloodless, bloodless." It is better, she believes, to have lived recklessly, impulsively or even compulsively, than not to have lived at all.

As I began by suggesting, comparisons may be odious, but they can be useful. Not long ago (*SR*, June 17) I expressed some misgivings about Philip Roth's study of an American female, *When She Was Good*. His Lucy Nelson, I felt, was a dull girl, and her life, as set forth by him, had little of the significance he attributed to it. Winifred Grainger, like most of the other sinful women in literature, is at least interesting. (As Fanny Brice said in her burlesque of the death scene in *Camille*, "I've been a wicked, wicked woman, Armand—but awful good company.") As for her significance, Jackson wisely does not fret himself about that. Even the small-town hypocrisy that her candor exposes is something he describes without indignation. As he makes clear, Winifred can accept herself for what she is, and he believes that the reader should do no less. She may not go down in literary history as one of the great sinners, but she is worth reading about—and thinking about, too.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1253

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1253 will be found in the next issue.

MQLQAK GFM LP FY FHXPP-

FLIP FY FM JMSMDSZPA HJPYZ.

—WSM BJLLFXA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1252

America had often been discovered before, but it had always been hushed up.

—Oscar Wilde.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Direct Marketing

David Dempsey's article "You Too Can Buy By Mail" [*SR*, July 15] is a shimmering gem, of sorts, and should be read by every thoughtful person. Such a perfect blend of ignorance and arrogance is rarely seen these days, at least beyond the sophomore year.

For example, he might have questioned the candor (or the competence) of his publishing friend who said, "It's our unpopular titles that we peddle by mail. Our successful books go through the stores." In a recent, Fortieth Anniversary Report of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Harry Scherman notes, conservatively I think, that of the 200 *million* books the club has sold in its history, more than 180 million would never have been sold at all had their sale depended upon conventional bookstore distribution methods! (And by the way, those 200 million books, sold entirely by direct mail and mail-order advertising, include among them thirty-seven Pulitzer Prize-winners and fifteen Nobel Prize-winners, not to mention lesser awards, accolades and commendations.)

Americans are not, and have never been, buyers of books from bookstores in large numbers, except for the occasional big best-seller. Indeed, the entire industry has been concerned for more than forty years with the relative inefficiency of bookstores as a means of marketing books in this country. So-called "quality" paperbacks seemed to help, for a time at least, but the plain truth is that direct mail and mail-order sales of books, of all kinds, has helped more than any other single factor to promote an interest in books and reading in this country and, as a by-product, to bolster frequently sagging bookstore sales. . . .

Direct marketing is today the fastest growing sales and advertising medium in the country. Why? Because it recognizes a consumer need and the mobile, expanding nature of our society—and offers genuine value per dollar spent. It is not perfect, it has its heroes and its villains like any other business. But, whatever its faults and virtues, it is certainly deserving of more than the glib, intellectually pretentious smart aleck treatment accorded it by Mr. Dempsey in his article.

Anthony Arau.

New York, N.Y.

Too Tolerant?

I am amazed at your show of toleration, nay, your naïveté, in publishing the letter of a certain Fotis Lampropulos from Athens, Greece [*SR*, July 22]. You ought to know that no letter inimical to, or even faintly critical of, the present régime could go out of Greece, or any letter in defense of Andreas Papandreou, for that matter. It should have been obvious to you that Fotis Lampropulos in writing his letter to you was offering a service to the junta ruling Greece now. Well, he was lucky enough to achieve his aim, thanks to your ostentatious broadmindedness. . . .

Robert J. Clements should tell Mr. F. L. that Andreas Papandreou had opposed and fought Fascism before the other Greeks did, when he opposed and fought the Greek brand of Fascism of General Metaxas and suffered imprisonment and beating when still in his teens and had to leave Greece.

Paul Nord.

New York, N.Y.

Swedish Sex Code

Hurrah for the "grown-ups" who are finally growing up! *Sex and Society in Sweden* [*SR*, July 29] may not have the perfect answers to the problems dealing with sex but the Swedes at least have started thinking and doing something. Today's young people have just plain outgrown the antiquated moral ideals. They realize that the double standard is utterly ridiculous and that matters of this sort should be dealt with on a personal basis since no "code" can be right for all. There is no longer any reason, or so they think, to worry about pregnancy and venereal diseases.

These ideas of theirs are good, but they can never be put to work until sex education becomes, as it is in Sweden, compulsory from the first grade on up. People will then know what they are doing, why they are doing it, and what the consequences might be. Keep working, Sweden!

Judith Spangenberg.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Ex-Mrs.

Professor Bill Read's review of *Selected Letters of Dylan Thomas* [*SR*, July 22] is just fine, but please tell him that Pamela Hansford Johnson is correctly known as Lady Snow, not as Mrs. Snow.

Horace S. Peck.

New York, N.Y.

Wrong

I was wrong in stating [*SR*, July 22] that the Wilson Follett edition of *The Works of Stephen Crane* is out of print. It has been reissued by Russell & Russell, twelve volumes in six, at $75.

Granville Hicks.

Grafton, N.Y.

Orville Prescott refers to Thaddeus Stevens [*SR*, July 8] as "the radical Senator of the Reconstruction period." Stevens was never a Senator but one of the leaders in the House of Representatives.

Bernard Sinsheimer.

Boulogne, France

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Endowing the Arts

LATE this year Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish the first of a yearly anthology of material selected from American literary and "little" magazines. Ordinarily, this would not be cause for comment—anthologies come and go and, as publishing ventures, suffer a high incidence of remaindering. But in this instance something new has been added: government money.

The National Council for the Arts (a subsidiary of the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities) has appropriated $55,000 for the project, $45,000 of which will be divided among the writers represented and the magazines in which their work originally appeared. Another $10,000 has been set aside to reimburse the publisher if the work loses money. To our knowledge, this is the first time that a book of general interest has been openly subsidized by the taxpayer. The government has long provided subvention to the scholar in the form of fellowships and grants, which at least indirectly benefits publishers. But the novelist, poet, and short-story writer have been expected to scrounge elsewhere. Now the Arts Council will be doing what the big foundations—Ford and Guggenheim, for example—have long done with private money.

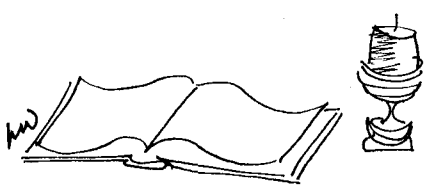
Paying the writer to be creative, so to speak, puts the government squarely on the side of letters, although one hopes not too squarely. The value of the Council's program of assistance to writers will be measured, in part at least, by the freedom that goes with it.We are reassured in this respect to discover that both Allen Ginsberg and LeRoi Jones are represented in the anthology. Out of 600 magazines examined by editor George Plimpton and a staff of nine "judges"—the tonnage almost buckled the floor of Plimpton's apartment—thirty-one survived the winnowing, to produce forty-nine selections. There are few surprises, and this may simply confirm what an outsider has always suspected: the best noncommercial creative writing in this country appears in a handful of university-affiliated quarterlies and an even smaller number of underground "little" magazines.

If nothing else, the Council will bring some of these latter publications aboveground, rewarding them in the bargain. Each contributor gets up to $1,000, and the magazine in which his work appeared as much as $500 for the reprint rights. (This is close to overkill; the going rate for "permissions" in the commercial anthology field is about $50.) The publisher, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, will rotate with six other firms in future years, and all will be indemnified against loss.

But what really encourages publishers is the knowledge that the government is at last committing itself to massive support of the literary arts, and that there is more money where this came from—more, no doubt, than there is first-rate talent to give it to. The Council's funding for the current year is about $600,000 of which $220,000 has been earmarked for individual grants to writers. Miss Carolyn Kizer, the director of literary programs, and herself a poet of no mean order, has declared that the Council's purpose is to reach writers who are not already part of the "Eastern Seaboard Literary Grants and Gravy Society," and to this end all of the twenty-two poets, novelists, and biographers who have been cut in for $10,000 each were invited to apply for assistance. (Others were also called, but not chosen.) In all but three cases the money will be used to complete a work in progress. The exceptions are travel grants. Jeremy Larner traveled to Hollywood; Harry H. Pearson, Jr., traveled down the Buffalo River in Arkansas, and Mona Van Duyn traveled to New Orleans.

Five of the recipients are poets. Did someone remark, "Isn't a poet with $10,000 in his jeans a contradiction in terms?" In these times, no. The grants are intended to free a writer from having to hold down a regular job. "The money is given to buy time," Miss Kizer says. It will supplement advance royalties on books that are already under contract, and best of all it can be tax-free.

An enterprise more directly related to publishing is a $90,000 project to help the small, independent press do what the big publisher doesn't do—that is, print fine books. For "small" read "one-man operation," and for "independent" read "impoverished." There are some forty to forty-five such presses in this country, and to qualify for a Council grant they must have a nonprofit, tax-exempt status—not difficult when one considers that poetry comprises much of their output. If you are going to lose money anyway, you might as well be experimental. Of the eleven presses selected for grants, all "have established notable records in advancing the cause of the unknown, obscure or difficult writer . . . at great personal sacrifice and unselfish devotion to American letters," in the words of a staff memorandum.



If this sounds like a citation for bravery in wartime, it is not far wrong. Quality book design and fine printing are neglected arts in the commercial publishing world; the Council's decision to help these publishers remain small and independent but a little less broke is to be commended.

ON ANOTHER front, the Council has turned over a matching grant of $70,000 to the American Academy of Poets, to smuggle poets into high schools for readings. This program, which met with staggering success last year when it was begun on a pilot basis in New York City, Detroit, and Pittsburgh, will now move on to Minneapolis, Los Angeles, and a number of smaller cities in the Southwest. Its purpose is to expose English teachers and their students to live poets, and poets to a live, if captive, audience—children "whose creative expression has largely been muffled, and whose problems of English communication are severe . . ." Already some of the participating cities are angling for repeat performances, and an old myth has been laid to rest. Modern poetry does make sense when you hear it, and it can be enjoyed. The Academy has decided that you don't blow the poet out of doors; you blow him into the classroom with travel money and a per diem.

The Council's current program has been rounded out with grants for "distinguished service" to five well-known older writers; a matching grant of $50,000 to the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, and a wild-card project in which Negro and white poets, traveling in pairs like the Shore Patrol, visit Southern colleges to arouse student interest in American literature.

One can, of course, take the Council's money or leave it; most writers prefer to take it. Yet the awards are not beyond criticism. My own opinion is that a disproportionate amount of the budget has gone to poetry, that Literature is in danger of being spelled with a capital L, that there is no provision for the writer who has not already made something of a name for himself, and that a few of the grantees are being helped simply out of charity. But what matters is that a fire has been lit. Publishers and the public will ultimately benefit.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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From Riots to Responsibility

Black Power and Urban Unrest: Creative Possibilities, *by Nathan Wright, Jr. (Hawthorn. 200 pp. $4.95), articulates a reasonable and positive position on an explosive issue today. Carroll Greene, assistant ecumenical officer of the Episcopal Church, is the former editor of its publication Church and Race.*

By CARROLL GREENE

THE CRY "Black Power" was new, but the phenomenon it represents is as old as the United States itself. Every deprived ethnic or religious group in America has grasped that in order to enjoy the fruits of democracy—good housing, proper education, dignified employment—they must exert their power: the power of the ballot box, the power of economic boycott, the power of organized protest. The popular acceptance of the slogan Black Power was indicative of a new mood among the Negro masses. The old mechanisms for racial progress were no longer worthy of their faith. White leaders and the small cadre of educated and sophisticated middle-class Negro spokesmen were not getting results for those at or near the bottom of the socio-economic ladder; the rush of new federal programs barely touched their needs. The Negro poor, huddled in our Southern rural areas and big city slums, began to be seen and heard vociferously from Mississippi to California.

In July 1966 the National Committee of Negro Churchmen met in New York to examine the positive implications of the Black Power concept. Nathan Wright, Jr., explains their position in *Black Power and Urban Unrest: Creative Possibilities.* "While pushing and participating in the absolutely worthwhile interracial program in the field of civil rights, the black people of America," he writes, "ought long ago to have been addressing themselves to the far more basic business of the development by black people of black people for the growth into self-sufficiency and self-respect of black people. This is the main and previously neglected business to which we must address ourselves. It is to this top priority concern of self-development that the issue of Black Power calls the black people of America today."

Dr. Wright, Plans Committee chairman of last month's National Conference on Black Power, and himself an urban specialist with a doctorate in education from Harvard, knows the plethora of complexities involved. Ringed by white suburbs, the inner cities of our nation, he notes, are rapidly becoming the habitat of the Negro poor—as they are, for example, in Washington, D.C., and Newark, New Jersey, which have a Negro majority, the masses of whom are poor. If current trends continue, many more American cities, Dr. Wright warns, will be faced with the same dilemma. By creating two Americas, he asks, are we not ensuring continued racial strife? For it may not be too much to assume that with the wearing down of white Americans' patience over increased welfare doles and increased crime by Negroes (due to substandard housing, lack of education, jobs, vocational training and retraining) we are getting ourselves involved in a highly explosive situation.

What Dr. Wright calls for is an alliance of equals, not black people in armed conflict against white. It is precisely this danger that he anxiously seeks to avoid by awakening America—black and white—from its lethargy. Like all other groups, the Negro must develop his brain power and his muscle power so that—and this is the essence of Wright's definition of Black Power—he can be a self-supporting, self-respecting citizen working and producing for the good of the entire society. The Negro needs the tools with which to achieve this end.

Dr. Wright proposes that, irrespective of their differences, Negroes pool their talents for the benefit of all black Americans. The white leadership, he holds, must recognize that it is to the advantage of our society if Negroes in general are allowed, according to their abilities, to

The "Wright" Concept of Black Power

● Negroes must never take the stance of humbly grateful beggars when seeking what at the very best can only be a part payment on interest of the debt which a white America owes for riding for three centuries without ever the thought of payment on the backs of black people of this land. Black Power, in terms of sweat and blood and pain of an awesome and callously inflicted daily degradation and the denial of basic rights, has built and sustained this land, which, in terms of unrepaid investment, is the black man's more than anyone else's.

● White people and institutions, it must be said over and again, individually have not done the black man wrong. The villain is the white culture and society as a whole, of which they are an inextricable part. Thoughtful white people thus will readily be open to accept black-engineered organization for black influence and for the creation of new power relationships which will reflect to the benefit of all. . . . The churches and housewives of America may be on many grounds the most readily influential—if afforded answers by those concerned with the creative use of Black Power—in spawning a power reallocation. The white men of America who have power are associated for the most part with one or the other or with both such groups.

● The central, overriding economic fact or principle regarding our Negro urban poor is that, as we have already stated, if they are not trained adequately for life and livelihood and then given opportunity for their due fulfillment, they will become liabilities for which our white society must pay a high and ever-increasing relief and policing cost. A reasonable ultimate alternative to provision of full training and full opportunity is genocide. Some feel that—as genocide was possible with a white Christian Germany when extremist feelings held the day—it will be possible in America when white myopia and white lethargy and unwillingness to make the most of American potential meet the deadly monster of a mass of millions of resentful, angry, and untutored Negro poor caught in a vicious cycle of illegitimacy and vice causing almost total demoralization and outrage.

● The black people of America are this nation's most rich and ready asset—its greatest raw material—as once the unmined earth and its untouched forests, fields and rivers were. In former years this nation built its greatness upon the utilization, not unmixed with wastefulness, of the vast physical resources which had lain untapped. Today, the new frontier of this nation's destiny lies in the development and utilization to the full of its infinitely greater human resources. What greater and potentially more useful reservoir of undeveloped and unutilized human resource does this nation have than in the black people of this land?

● Black Power means black development into self-sufficiency for the good of Negroes and for the good of the whole nation. We want—as others must want—to replace the helping hand which now aids us with our *own* hand—to sustain ourselves and not be burdens on all others.

● The emphasis of those concerned with

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hold jobs throughout industry and business instead of being largely limited to the lower echelons. The black poor must be enabled to leave the overburdened welfare rolls. Rehabilitation, not welfare, is the key here. Dr. Wright suggests the establishment of community colleges for adults with curricula designed for local needs. Programs like Headstart and others are good; they should, he believes, be strengthened and extended. However, the effectiveness of such projects is blunted and to some extent annulled by parents who themselves need minimal education to help their children to operate ably in a technological society.

The efforts of business, industry, and civic agencies should be combined and imaginatively activated. "Government," Dr. Wright warns, "must not dominate life but provide ample frameworks within which the contributions of all areas of our corporate life can work equitably to promote and fulfill goals designed for the common good."

Dr. Wright and the National Committee of Negro Churchmen make a strong and positive case for Black Power or empowerment. However, there is no universal acceptance of the slogan or concept as described and recommended by them. Out of understandable frustration and bitterness others have used it in frightening and negative terms. Wright was once asked by a white student how his concept of Black Power differed from that of Stokely Carmichael. He replied, "Carmichael's concept of Black Power is Carmichaelian; my concept of Black Power is Wright."

To realize the inherent creative possibilities in the "Wright" concept of Black Power it must be accepted by an influential group of Negro leaders who are willing to explore its potentialities in cooperation with the poor black masses; and the private sector of the American free enterprise system must work hand in hand with government to develop new patterns to meet our nation's number-one domestic challenge. We need a marshaling of brain power and funds *now* to prevent a holocaust that this nation cannot afford.

increasing the dignity and worth of black people (*i.e.*, Black Power) is upon alerting every agency in American life to the need for rededication to our national fulfillment by providing opportunity and equity in every enterprise in American life to all in ways that serve our national purpose. Black Power asserts the determined purpose of black people to add their hitherto unused and potentially enriching gifts to the nation's common store.

● It is only as white men see in Black Power a mirror of the abuse of white power that they are frightened. But look any self-respecting black man in the face, man to man, and discover that in his own stubborn sense of dignity there is nothing for America to fear. Indeed, Black Power is a proffered gift to bless the lives of one and all.

● The glorification of blackness implicit in the term Black Power is a conscious or unconscious effort to stake a claim for the worth of those in our nation who are termed nonwhite. Essentially it is a clarification. The root meaning of the term "glorify" is to clarify, to make clear and plain and straight. . . . The concept of Black Power directly involves a forthright claim to the inherent dignity and worth of black people.

● From one point of view the riots may be seen as a logical result of the historic stunting or distorting of the Negro's self-image. He has been allowed openly to think of himself only as an adolescent, half-grown man. He has been locked in the role of one who would grow into manhood and self-sufficiency but has been firmly held in check. We know what difficulties inevitably arise when growth out of adolescence is ever thwarted. In terms of the results of a simple and long-continued thwarting of growth into maturity and manhood, the irrationality of the recent riots could be more than sufficiently explained. Another related view is that the Negro has long been taught to hate himself. The riots reflect a self-image of hatred. They represent a self-inflicted punishment on the Negro community itself. They have involved thus far at least in their death and destruction only the Negro community. Still another, and similarly related, estimate of the riots suggests that the Negro's irrationality will tend for a time to increase as the Negro makes his long-postponed exit from half-maturity into manhood. Thus we are counseled to deal with the Negro's growth into adulthood and self-directed maturity in much the same manner as we would deal with any growth out of adolescence.

● Black Americans must answer the challenge raised by the issue of Black Power by being changed most drastically themselves. They must move from dependence into independence. They must not ask what others have to give, but in forthright ways offer what latent rich gifts they have to bring the nation's life and their own lives to flower. In the strictest sense, the nation has never beckoned the impotent to rise. It has received those who have stood forth clearly with the offer of their power for the good of others. This must be the new posture of black Americans who would be free.

—From "Black Power and Urban Unrest: Creative Possibilities."

Existentialist Therapy

***Portraits from a Shooting Gallery: Life Styles from the Drug Addict World**, by Seymour Fiddle (Harper & Row. 360 pp. $7.50), presents three long tape-recorded autobiographies and a number of smaller "cameos." Howard S. Becker, professor of sociology at Northwestern University, is the author of "Outsiders."*

By HOWARD S. BECKER

THE FIRST step in learning to deal with deviance is to understand that the people who do the things we disapprove of are, after all, human. Following the technique practiced by Oscar Lewis for ethnic groups, a new literary form has grown up to teach us this lesson about homosexuals, criminals, and drug addicts: the tape-recorded autobiography faithfully transcribed, with or without an expert's accompanying interpretive notes. In this book Seymour Fiddle, a sociologist who also operates as a counselor at Exodus House (a private New York facility treating addiction), presents three long autobiographies of drug addicts, a number of shorter "cameos," and some reflections on his own experiences.

Portraits from a Shooting Gallery, however, is a latecomer in the stereotype-busting business. A great many such documents have already been published, and no one who has read them can doubt that addicts are as various as the human race generally. So a collection of taped autobiographies must now have something else going for it: the literary distinction and narrative drive of Oscar Lewis's materials, for instance, or the ethnographically unfamiliar detail of *Hustler!* Or, perhaps, a distinctively useful new mode of interpretation, which Fiddle believes he has provided.

Fiddle draws heavily on existentialist philosophy. He sees the addict's dilemma as a variant of what we all face in modern society: a mélange of anguish, uncertainty, anxiety, alienation, absurdity, nausea; the necessity of choice and the need to create an authentic self. Because drugs are illegal the addict's dilemma is exaggerated, the illegality heightening the sense of pressure and absurdity and enormously increasing the seriousness of the consequences to the person. In place of an authentic approach to life, addicts develop one of several possible phony or disabled life styles which only compound their problems and make life more unlivable. A prescription for treatment follows from this diagnosis. Lead the addict, through participation in a meaningful therapeutic setting, to develop the inner strength

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to cope with the stresses of his daily life, to undo the damage done during his years of addiction and before, and to achieve authenticity without drugs.

The existentialist diagnosis may be correct. The prescription might work. The program at Exodus House, apparently based on or compatible with these views, has not (as Fiddle tells us) gone on long enough for anyone to know whether it will prove to be more effective than the many other schemes already tried. At the least, it needs to be pointed out that the remedy is a drastic one, demanding nothing less than the complete reshaping of a man's character and way of life. It is an expensive remedy, requiring massive resources that may never be available in the amounts needed to settle the total addiction problem. And it accepts the premise built into present laws—that addicts must not be allowed to have drugs.

Yet that premise need not be accepted automatically, for the most promising solutions may lie in another direction. The Dole-Nyswander program of methadone maintenance seems to have been at least as successful as that of Exodus House. But Fiddle dismisses it because he believes that the participants, who still receive some kind of drug, continue to have considerable psychological difficulty, and because he doubts whether it is ethical to deny a man "a genuine opportunity to be treated in a comprehensive program so that he might find out why he is using drugs and how he can get rid of the habit and live a natural life." It might be more reasonable to settle for less utopian goals, to accept a remedy that avoids the worst social consequences of addiction without insisting on positive mental health, which is seldom enough achieved by people leading natural lives.

To return to *Portraits from a Shooting Gallery*, the worst immediate consequence of the existentialist approach is that it makes a dull book. Despite Fiddle's sincerity and compassion, despite his copious annotation—indeed, because of it—the taped materials are hard to read. Fiddle is an intrusive interviewer, pointing out to his interviewees the absurdity and self-defeating character of their lives. What they say reflects his passionate concern for their inauthentic character structures more than it expresses their own view of what they are up to. His interpretations of what they say seem to me to read a great deal of symbolism into relatively commonplace talk, without any demonstration that the addicts' words are indeed the symbols he makes of them.

Fiddle says, quite rightly, that for all the research which has been done, there is still a mystery about addiction. At best, his materials occasionally heighten that mystery, but do nothing to dispel it.

Out of the Horse's Mouth

Conversations, *edited by Roy Newquist (Rand McNally. 505 pp. $6.95), explores the experiences and opinions of a mixed bag of literary figures. Paul K. Cuneo is book editor of America magazine.*

By PAUL K. CUNEO

FORTY-FOUR writers, editors, and publishers talk about their work and their lives in this outsize collection of interviews. The book is called *Conversations,* but Roy Newquist, who put it together, seems to have less talent for conversation than for luring people into monologues. He apparently sets up his tape recorder, gets it and his subject going, and then says as little as possible. The results occasionally suffer from long-windedness, but they give the reader the all-important impression that he is—for better or worse—hearing a real person talking about himself.

Irving Wallace, author of *The Chapman Report, The Prize,* and *The Man,* has possibly made more money from his books than any other writer included; here he agonizes over the unjust treatment he feels he has received from critics. Helen Gurley Brown, the Ayn Rand of American sex life, explains why *Cosmopolitan,* the magazine she edits, is really like *The New Yorker.* Contrary to the Pagliacci legend, three humorists —Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and P. G. Wodehouse—come through as among the sanest, pleasantest, and best informed of those interviewed. Good writers like Katherine Anne Porter, Robert Penn Warren, and Hortense Calisher talk easily and informatively about their work and the art of writing in general. Editors and publishers—Leon Shimkin, Robert Stein, and Maurice Girodias—give personalized views of the business of getting books and magazines into print and into readers' hands.

Some of the best things are curious bits: P. L. Travers's touching tribute to grandmothers, for example; or Laura Z. Hobson's unusual advice to young writers, or Gwendolyn Brooks's recollection of her special and practical fear while she was being congratulated and photographed in her Chicago apartment after winning the Pulitizer Prize for poetry.

In his introduction Newquist, who is literary editor of *Chicago's American,* disclaims any attempt to choose his subjects on the basis of literary reputations. "Perhaps it is all very representative of democracy itself," he writes, "wherein everyone is given a voice."

Conversations is a mixed bag indeed. The reader, fascinated by certain stretches, will suddenly find himself skipping pages. It is a temptation to say that if the volume had been cut in half it would have been twice as good. But it is a browser's book, one for the bedside table—useful when one wants to dip into something but has no intention of staying awake to the end.

"When you come right down to it, I'm hopelessly middle class."

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She Was an Edwardian Camera

***Pilgrimage,** by Dorothy M. Richardson (Knopf. Four vols. 2,210 pp. Boxed set, $30), and **Dorothy Richardson,** by Horace Gregory (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 114 pp. $4.95), present respectively a new edition of the massive novel by a writer now lost in limbo who was once compared to Joyce, Proust, and Virginia Woolf, and a critical appraisal of her contribution to English letters. Leon Edel discussed Miss Richardson's work in "The Modern Psychological Novel."*

By LEON EDEL

A FORGOTTEN novelist of our century, Dorothy Miller Richardson, has just been reprinted in the four massive volumes—2,210 pages—of her river-like novel *Pilgrimage*, a longer if less enduring pilgrim's progress than Bunyan ever set on paper. At the same time Horace Gregory has written a perceptive biographical-critical essay—a portrait in miniature—of Miss Richardson, explaining the historical and artistic importance of the work which she brought out between 1915 and 1938 as twelve separate novels.

Occasion for the reprinting has been the discovery among Miss Richardson's papers of a thirteenth installment, on which she worked for some years before her death in 1957. This has now been added to the fourth volume. The "Pilgrimage" can be said, at last, to be really complete. Mr. Gregory's valuable appraisal stems in part from his own interest in the work and personality of Miss Richardson, whom he knew in London in the 1920s, and also from the posthumous papers, which shed light on this secretive novelist who concealed herself behind her heroine, Miriam Henderson. We are given, accordingly, a new opportunity to read a writer who was usually mentioned with Joyce, Proust, and Virginia Woolf in the century's earlier years, and then became lost in the limbo of novelists who outlive their time and their contemporaries.

Miss Richardson started her work during the same years as Proust, Joyce, and Mrs. Woolf; like them, she was looking for new methods of fictional narrative, new forms in which to cast the flux of the modern consciousness. She was, however, less gifted than her coevals. They had the genius of poetry, she the burden of prose. Moreover, Joyce and Woolf were adventurers into the cosmos of myth and the symbol-making unconscious, explorers of inner memory, while Miss Richardson recorded with a certain insightful pedestrianism the joys of growing up as a Victorian, emerging as an Edwardian, smoking a first cigarette, and liberating herself from her middle-class environment. She had a large fund of egotism, a touch of megalomania and grandiosity, and a euphoria of persistence. From the perspective of half a century we can see that her contribution to fictional technique, to the evolution of "internal monologue," was less important than the picture she left of a modern girl's life in a London of ABC bakeshops, afternoon tea-trays, and the dowdy Bohemia of the time.

This did not prevent her from recording "intensities" of feeling, as Babette Deutsch long ago suggested. As Horace Gregory now points out, "the work is true to its title: it *is* a pilgrimage, a winding path toward the light, leading through stretches of beauty, bleakness, and gloom and ending in the glow of March moonlight." Mr. Gregory feels that she invented a new kind of autobiographical novel; and there is no doubt that literary gossip will relish the life-size picture of H. G. Wells embodied in the character of "Hypo" Wilson, for Miss Richardson was one of Wells's mistresses. Mr. Gregory, within the compass of his sketch, is concerned however with other matters: Miss Richardson's artistry, her achievement, her limitations. The biographical facts will doubtless be put into proper perspective by the authorized life which Professor Gloria Gliken of Brooklyn College is writing.

—*Brown Brothers.*

Dorothy M. Richardson—"a euphoria of persistence."

Miss Richardson's artistry resided in her ability to use the visual, to make her heroine into a "camera-eye" before the era of cinema. We see objects and people

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SUBSTITITLES

Ellis J. Biderson of New York City has masked the real title of each of these works in word play, synonyms, and other unfair concealments. But if any of these titles elude you for the moment, the masks are removed on page 65.

1. Marcel Proust: *Over the Water*
2. F. Scott Fitzgerald: *Gentle Sir Lancelot*
3. Federico García Lorca: *Do You, RH Positive, Take RH Negative . . . ?*
4. Jean-Paul Sartre: *The Gates Are Locked*
5. Evelyn Waugh: *The Wedding Veil Lifted Again*
6. Joseph Conrad: *Take Some, But Don't Tell!*
7. Thornton Wilder: *Dental Integument*
8. Shakespeare: *Miscarriage*
9. Henry James: *Act of a Carpenter*
10. Arthur Miller: *Winter Comes Next*
11. James Jones: *Many Walked*
12. Rudyard Kipling: *Blackout*

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as through a lens moving toward or away from Miriam, so that linear prose becomes a "panning" movement and some of her scenes a montage. All this has been assimilated in fiction and is now routine; it will come as a surprise to the new generation to discover how early Dorothy Richardson made her discoveries. In certain of her uses of "point of view" she recognized her debt to Henry James while in her world of feeling she claimed Goethe as master. But it took her so long to write her series that she shows signs in the later sections of going to school to Joyce and Mrs. Woolf, although in some devices Mrs. Woolf herself owed a debt to *Pilgrimage*. Miss Richardson's limitations reside in her prosiness, her self-absorption, and a kind of girlish conceit, an air of being a peregrinating judge of all mankind; and this smugness, while real enough as part of the Miriam-Dorothy character, may try the patience of some readers.

In the preface which Miss Richardson wrote in 1938 for the assembled volumes of her novel, she drew a ribboned herring across the critical path by claiming for her work "a feminine equivalent of the current masculine realism." The militant feminism of this declaration did not wholly conceal her own strong masculine streak. *Pilgrimage* has for too long been spoken of as a "wholly feminine" novel. It is as androgynous as any written by George Eliot or Mrs. Woolf, or even Charlotte Brontë, with whom Mr. Gregory imaginatively links her. Like the celebrated Charlotte, Dorothy-Miriam began as a governess; like a Bernard Shaw heroine she defied family and went to Germany at seventeen to teach English in a finishing school. It is here that *Pointed Roofs*, the first of the series, begins. After that we follow Dorothy-Miriam as a teacher in a dreary London school (*Backwater*), as governess in a wealthy family (*Honeycomb*), as a dental assistant in the thick of the metropolis (*The Tunnel*), and onward through Fabianism, Quakerism, Emersonianism, the affair with Hypo-Wells, and finally the settling down to write her long book, with the prospect of marriage to an effete artist.

IF Dorothy Richardson was neither as revolutionary as Joyce, nor as disciplined and as brilliant as Virginia Woolf, she nevertheless demonstrated that the novel of sensibility could be cast in artistic form, and given artistic validity. Mr. Gregory sums this up when he suggests that she "contributed to the overthrow of fictional clichés." This is credit enough in any century. It is good to know that a new generation of critics and readers can now give Dorothy Richardson that "second look" which the seriously committed writer always deserves after his life's work is done.

Small Sounds of Humanity

The Peach Stone: Stories from Four Decades, *by Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 470 pp. $5.95), reprints twenty pieces of short fiction in which undercurrents of feeling are more important than outward events. Warren Bower is the author of "Short Story Craft."*

By WARREN BOWER

THE SHORT stories of a major novelist always seem of lesser importance than his longer fiction. That this is often the result of a mote in the eye or mind of the reader only aggravates the problem of drawing attention to serious work in the short story form. American readers of fiction have long been seduced into a belief that a bulging novel, with a story so rife with words and details that it is possible to sink oneself into it for many hours of continuous, mindless reading, is the norm of contemporary literature. In this atmosphere the art of the short story has little chance to grow in the esteem of readers, who have to be able to appreciate the greater effectiveness of the single telling detail over that achieved by many pages of incident and atmosphere.

In our time only Ernest Hemingway was able to gain a reputation for his short stories that made them as widely read as most of his novels. Among living writers Katherine Anne Porter and Bernard Malamud seem to have found a large and devoted audience for their short fiction, though certainly their latest works, long on the best-seller list, restored the usual preponderance of novel over short-story sales. One would like to be able to add the name of Paul Horgan to the small number of authors who have found a broad and enthusiastic audience for their short stories as well as their novels.

Paul Horgan—"telling detail."

Certainly Mr. Horgan's publishers have done him a great service toward this end by bringing out *The Peach Stone: Stories from Four Decades*. This book might have been a conventional volume of stories selected from one man's total output in thirty-five years or more of writing. But by giving the material structure and plan the book has been made creative in spirit, and far more than a repackaging of previously published work. Twenty stories are enough for such a volume when they are as well chosen as these; arranged in a simple but appropriate scheme, according to the themes of childhood, youth, maturity, and old age, they are seen in a new context and with a new emphasis. The collection demonstrates that fiction which is complete in twenty pages or so may have a greater illuminative value than a novel.

MR. HORGAN is deeply sensitive to the states of mind and feeling of his characters, finding his subject matter in what they reveal through small signs or responses, words that carry great but undramatic significance. The title story, one of the most quietly effective in the book, is typical of his manner and the structure of his tales. A child has died in an accidental fire in tumbleweed near which she was playing. Outwardly, "The Peach Stone" describes the drive of some four hours back to her mother's former home for burial. But the more important theme, which flows underneath, is the multiple exposure of the thoughts of those in the car, beautifully felt and recorded, building up to the sense of dedication to the future impled by the symbol of the peach stone.

Another highly successful story is "The Small Rain," the most recent of the tales printed here, in which a man confesses to a priest a sin committed on a trip away from home. The intricate narrative is presented with great inventiveness; but capping all is a one-word revelation of what the priest himself has been feeling and remembering.

My own nomination for the best se-

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lection in the book is "The Devil in the Desert," which might be called an action story except that no Horgan tale is pure action. Here he calls upon the full range of his versatility as a craftsman to depict an old priest who makes a last pastoral visit to pioneer dwellers in the desert and in the course of it is bitten by a snake. In his delirium—if the reader must have a logical explanation, even though the author does not provide one—he carries on a philosophical disquisition with the snake, bests him in logic, and finally forgives him as he might a penitent. Complex, beautifully articulated, this story represents Mr. Horgan's artistry at its most effective.

Not every piece in the book reaches so high a level. There are a few mild tales (perhaps chosen because of some auctorial preference), such as "The Hacienda," a static sketch in which a bit of social history of the New Mexico the author knows so well is caught in a poetic image. But even the rare failure is relieved by touches of imaginative writing that lift the sentence or the scene above the commonplace. Mr. Horgan's gifts have been framed and heightened in this book of uncommonly effective stories.

Venomous Futility: Three decades before Dorothy Yates's slight story of a New Orleans family begins, Jean-Pierre Balmain had made love to Mathilde Parrington and had married her sister Henriette. Both women bore his sons, although no one suggested that Mathilde's child, Roland, did not belong to her husband, André. In any case, Jean-Pierre soon deserted the sisters and disappeared. Now as *The Family Tree* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50) opens, Roland's wife gives birth to their seventh child, a boy who resembles no one in the family. And Henriette's son Etienne for no particular reason suddenly decides to leave his mother and marry a widow with three children. It is the shock to Henriette of Etienne's decision which precipitates the climax of *The Family Tree*.

Telling her story from various viewpoints, Miss Yates complicates it to the point where relationships are hard to follow. Although she displays remarkable ability to create a mood, her first novel fails to move the reader because the characters are simply not interesting. Moreover, unless one understands why they act as they do—why, for example, a thirty-year-old scandal should have such a violent effect—the author's spare, chiseled prose is wasted. An atmosphere of venomous futility is not enough to fill even 184 pages satisfactorily. —ELIZABETH EASTON.

Philosopher for the Tender-minded

William James: A Biography, *by Gay Wilson Allen (Viking. 556 pp. $10), concentrating on details of the philosopher's life rather than his thought, reveals him as a troubled but generous man who came close to greatness. Walter Kaufmann, a professor of philosophy at Princeton University, has just published a new translation, with commentary, of Nietzsche's "The Will to Power."*

By WALTER KAUFMANN

GAY WILSON ALLEN has written a too, too solid biography of an exceptionally good man. As a philosopher and psychologist William James was not in the same league with his younger contemporaries, Nietzsche and Freud; he belongs more nearly with Karl Jaspers, the existential philosopher who, exactly like James, began as an M.D. and then turned to psychology before becoming a professor of philosophy. Tender-minded readers who have lost traditional religion but lack the taste for criticism of religion, scholarship, or science, turn to James or Jaspers to be edified. That is an admittedly unkind perspective, and when James himself distinguished tough- and tender-minded types he favored toughness.

This streak of bluster culminates in his talk about "risk" in what is possibly his sloppiest but best-known essay, "The Will to Believe." His *Varieties of Religious Experience* deserves far more respect, though he himself admitted that it was "all facts and no philosophy." *Varieties* is a compendium of descriptions that invites comparison with Havelock Ellis's volumes rather than with Freud's: it can be read by those who wish to be titillated by curiosities as well as those who find some reassurance in the fact that they have company.

But what James himself believed is not at all what readers of the two works mentioned might expect. Professor Allen puts the point nicely: James gave "more comfort to the 'spiritualists' of all varieties (Christians, Christian Scientists, 'psychic researchers' like Frederic Myers, etc.) than he himself found in his own ideas. . . .He, too, really suspended judgment, but his hopes were with them."

Such interpretations are unfortunately rare in this biography. Every page is crammed with facts, and the narrative "is strictly chronological," leaning at each point on diaries and letters. Dates are encountered everywhere, often many on one page, though one has to hunt around to find the year. Even when some facts are odd, which does not happen often, no explanation is attempted; *e.g.*, "During the spring John Wilkes Booth (the future assassin of President Lincoln) played in Schiller's *The Robbers* in Boston, and though William called his performance 'Rant, rant, rant of the most fearful kind,' he went to see and hear him three nights running." The biographer risks neither hypotheses nor the omission of data that yearn for repose in some archive.

Ideas concern Professor Allen very little, the history of ideas even less. Dates of arrivals and departures, as well as all sorts of trivia, abound, while James's relationships to Dewey, Royce, and Santayana are little more than mentioned. But the few mistakes are trivial, too; for instance, the author confounds Princeton University and the Princeton Theological Seminary, which are entirely separate institutions.

IN spite of the book's shortcomings, William James emerges from its pages as an extraordinarily generous man who touched human greatness. He lacked the widespread awe of death: writing to his dying father and, some years later, his sister, he spoke without any inhibition about their impending death; and he also faced his own death without fear or apprehension.

His freedom from vanity was outstanding, and not only for a professor. Here he writes of an honorary degree: "I hope you are not serious about an Oxford degree for your humble servant. If you are, pray drop the thought! I am out of the race for all such vanities. Write me a degree on parchment and send it yourself—in any case it would be but your award!—and it will be cheaper and more veracious."

His sense of humor was delightful. After an amusing correspondence with his publisher, James finally mailed the manuscript of his first book to him in 1890, when he was forty-eight, with these comments: "No one could be more disgusted than I at the sight of the book. *No* subject is worth being treated of in 1,000 pages! Had I ten years more [the manuscript was ten years overdue], I could rewrite it in 500; but as it stands it is this or nothing—a loathsome, dis-

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tended, tumefied, bloated, dropsical mass, testifying to nothing but two facts: *1st*, that there is no such thing as a *science* of psychology, and *2nd*, that W.J. is an incapable. Yours provided you hurry up things, Wm. James."

Who would want to criticize James's *Principles of Psychology* after reading that statement, or this comment in a letter to his brother Henry: "As 'Psychologies' go, it is a good one, but psychology is in such an ante-scientific condition that the whole present generation of them is predestined to become unreadable old medieval lumber, as soon as the first genuine tracks of insight are made. The sooner the better, for me!" Never was a philosopher more lovable. And his self-criticisms are, of course, grotesquely exaggerated.

Much of the material in this biography has long been available, above all in Ralph Barton Perry's celebrated *The Thought and Character of William James* (1935; Briefer Version, 1948, in paperback since 1964). Perhaps Professor Allen skimps on James's philosophy and his relation to other philosophers because Perry had given so much attention to these topics. James's extreme emotional dependence on his father, his need to live very near him even when he was a professor, the way his father picked a wife for him when he was thirty-six, and a great many other details remain stunning. According to Professor Allen, James was celibate till he married and always retained "a Victorian squeamishness over this three-letter word," sex.

There was something Victorian and provincial about James, especially in his occasional bluster: "Give me a human race with some *guts* to them, no matter if they do belch at you now and then." His imagination was limited; his soul was not prophetic; and the realities of the later twentieth century were beyond his vision. But he was truly a troubled and wonderful human being.

View from the Couch

The Two Faces of Medicine, *by Carl Binger, M.D. (Norton. 208 pp. $6), is a collection of essays on psychiatry, which the author sees as the feminine aspect of medical science. David Woods is a Montreal-based British journalist and editor who specializes in medical writing.*

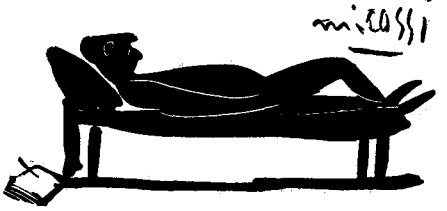
By DAVID WOODS

THE STORY of the man on vacation who sent a postcard to his analyst reading, "Having a lovely time. Why?" may be apocryphal, but it says a lot about the close, intense, and subjective nature of psychiatrist-patient relationships. For psychiatry, like politics, is not an exact science, and to be objective about it is a far from easy task. In this collection of essays the profession is placed on the analyst's couch and shown to be in fairly good health, though not entirely free of anxieties and complexes.

Some of these stem from what Carl Binger sees as psychiatry's feminine role in a division of medicine into male and female—the "two faces." "In our culture," he says, "women still seem to regard themselves as inferior," and perhaps psychiatry also feels inferior when compared with the active, manipulative, masculine role played by clinical medicine. Psychiatry is medicine's feminine face, says Dr. Binger, "because it deals with fantasies and feelings and its chief methods are passive ones—to listen and observe." Some of its therapy is based on intuition, perhaps the most powerful feminine attribute.

In view of this, it is interesting to wonder why there are not more women psychiatrists. Is it because those qualities that would most help them—passivity, for instance—deter them from embarking on a psychiatric career? In Russia, where one of the few real emancipations has been that of women and where, presumably, they don't feel inferior, many more of them practice psychiatry. In that country, too, steps have been taken to integrate physical and mental medicine; psychiatrists are responsible for a patient's physical as well as his mental health. A situation much needed here.

Physical and psychiatric medicine are inseparable and interdependent, yet these two faces of medicine, according to Dr. Binger, do not see eye to eye. Much of today's medical training is highly scientific and has little time for psychiatry's hopes and hunches. Psychiatry is often able to explore and explain mental problems early in their development and to prevent as well as cure both mental and physical illness. There is a need to educate not only the public on mental health, but also physicians who are in other branches of medicine. Dr. Binger's book aims for both, and succeeds, with humor, tolerance, and logic—and without jargon.



The author continually underlines the fact that understanding and prevention of mental illness should parallel treatment for physical illness. For example, stomach ulcers often have psychological causes. "The need to be loved and cared for especially when denied may express itself in a desire to be fed. The stomach is then constantly alerted and behaves as it does during digestion, continuously prepared for food that it does not receive." Psychiatry can frequently cure such ailments and others such as asthma, allergies, heart diseases, hypertension, and eczema. But because of the relationship between the two faces of medicine, psychiatrists rarely get a chance to work on sufferers from so-called physical complaints because their physicians are reluctant to refer them for treatment. And the patient is hardly likely to call a psychiatrist because he has eczema.

Most of us go to physicians for regular physical checkups even though we are well, but we do not visit psychiatrists when we think we are mentally "normal." Consequently psychiatrists usually know more about mental illness than they do about mental health. This is good neither for them nor for us, and suggests that there is a good case for annual psychiatric checkups.

DR. Binger continually emphasizes the need for keeping medicine human and personal. Education, he says, has been mechanized and dehumanized; clinical medicine is being swallowed up by automation; and although psychiatry has so far avoided this fate, it is increasingly faced with patients suffering from its effects. If a psychiatrist devotes fifty to sixty minutes to a patient, three or four times a week, he can maintain a personal touch; but there is only one psychiatrist for every 18,000 people in the United States. Consequently, as Dr. Binger admits, psychiatry is more expensive than other forms of therapy, and too often the patient's income is analyzed before his mind. Medical insurance will eventually provide for mental treatment, says Dr. Binger, as has been done in many parts of Europe; but no one knows where the psychiatrists will be found. It is certain that they will not be forthcoming unless the attitudes of those in other branches of medicine—including medical teachers—are radically changed. And neither will there be an increase in much-needed paramedical personnel in the field—social workers, visiting nurses, and the like—unless further steps are taken to enlighten the public on the subject of mental health.

Although Dr. Binger's essays appeared originally in *Saturday Review,*

(*Continued on page* 39)

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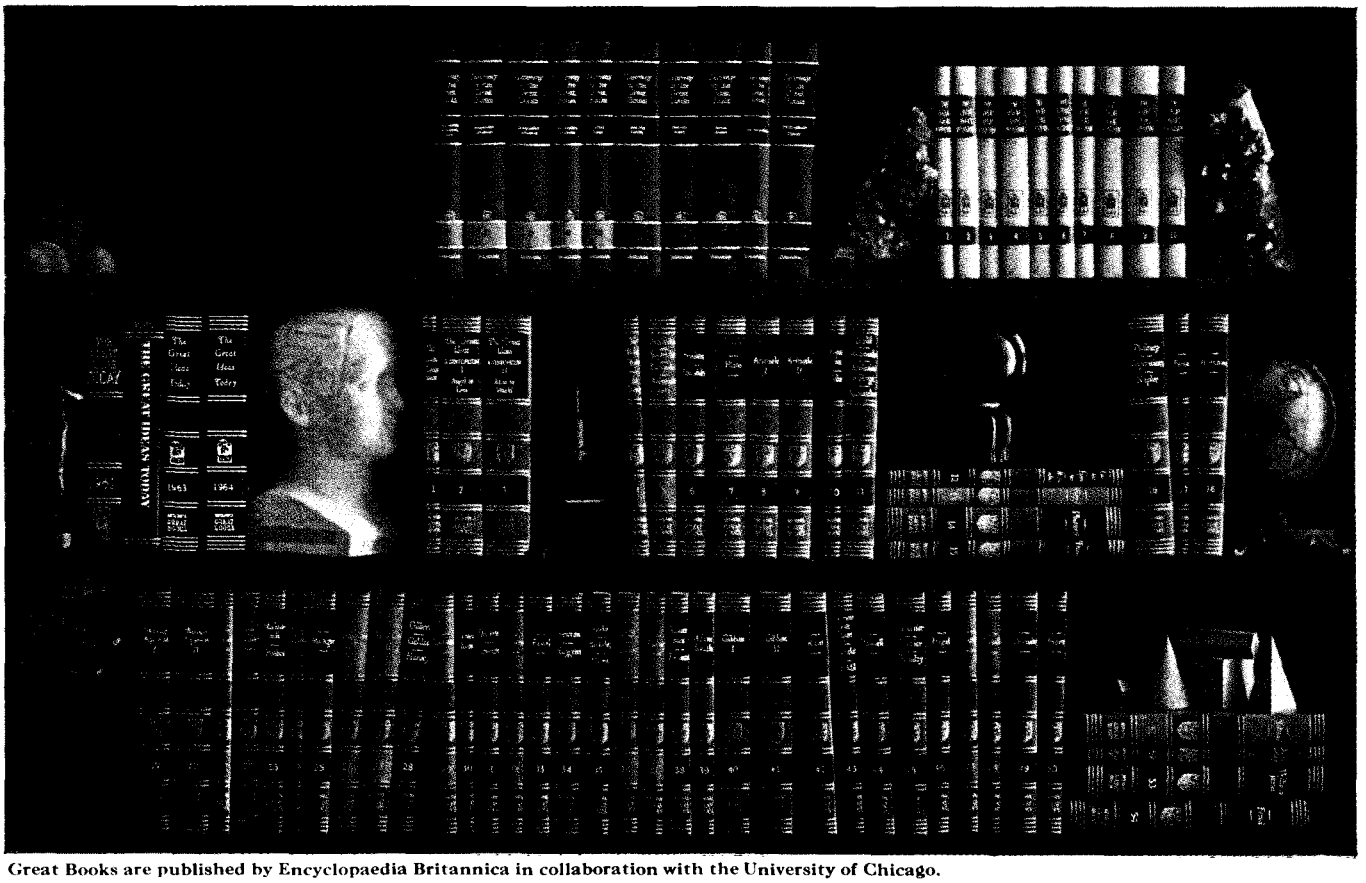

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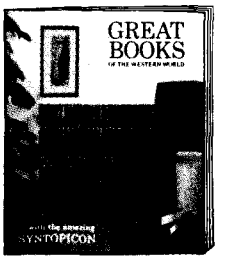

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Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 6, 1968, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 6th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1967.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1966, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1967, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1968. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1967 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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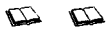
Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, and other magazines over a wide span of years, they are strongly linked; the issues are as valid now as ever, and the theme and its logical development make *The Two Faces of Medicine* a definite entity rather than a random selection of articles. They are laced with the humor the author feels is vital to his profession. Indeed, he considers that the cartoonists' jokes about psychiatry have helped in its quest for recognition and acceptance. He insists, however, that he can think of no American psychiatrist who wears a beard and not too many who speak with Germanic accents.



A Good Place to Come From: Galicia, as José Yglesias points out in his moving personal narrative, *The Goodbye Land* (Pantheon, $4.95), is one of the least publicized regions of Spain. Yet the two most famous men in the Hispanic world, Francisco Franco and Fidel Castro, are the offspring of Galicians, and the region's hard-working, avaricious, self-reliant peasants are known throughout Spain and Latin America for their industry and concentration. But the qualities that have brought prosperity to tens of thousands of Galicians outside their native region have not served to bring happiness and well-being to this moist, green corner of the Spanish peninsula. Since the population is dense, the soil rather poor, and natural resources and educational facilities few, it boasts neither thriving agriculture nor modern industry. Most enterprising young Galicians have to seek their fortunes abroad. For more than a century Galicia has been a "land of goodbyes," with perhaps the highest emigration ratio of any part of Spain.

The Tampa-born American author lost his father at the age of two, when the elder Yglesias, incurably ill, returned to his native Galicia. This book, much of which was recently serialized in *The New Yorker,* narrates the final month of a year spent by José Yglesias and his wife and son in Spain. The last weeks were devoted to a visit to his father's former home in Galicia. The description of his meetings with cousins and other relatives, and his piecing together of his father's final years in a rugged peasant village, constitute a fine, absorbing piece of writing. The narrative is trimly composed, without affectation or romanticism. It presents a picture of a group of ordinary Galicians that will elicit understanding and sympathy.

The author's struggle for comprehension of his relatives, close by blood but products of a very different culture, was both painful and joyous. This is a poignant and arresting record of one man's search for family identity and his ancestral past. —STANLEY G. PAYNE.

The Brimless Green Beret

***The New Legions,** by Donald Duncan (Random House. 274 pp. $5.95), is a highly personal critique of the War in Vietnam. William W. MacDonald teaches history at Lamar State College in Beaumont, Texas.*

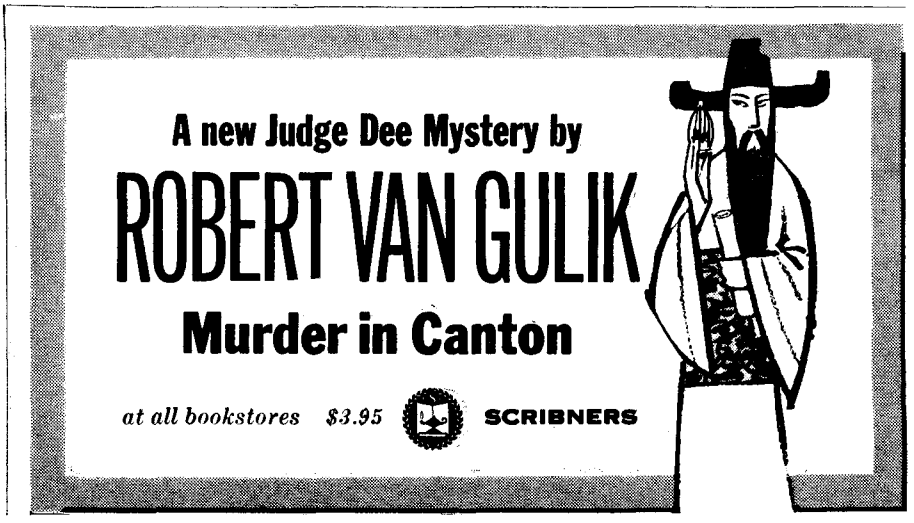
By WILLIAM W. MACDONALD

HARDLY a day goes by without some "dove" or "hawk" or "owl" publishing a scathing indictment or reasoned defense of President Johnson's policies in Vietnam. The latest is by Donald Duncan, ex-member of the Green Berets and the current military editor of *Ramparts.* His book has few pretensions, for *The New Legions* is neither a probing history of the war nor a carefully constructed analysis of our government's position. Indeed, one would be hard put to define just what Duncan's book is, for it is partly fragmented war stories (some hilarious, some sad, many tragic), partly exposé (from the ruthless emphasis in basic training on turning young men into killers to the implied advice of his Special Forces instructor on the killing and torturing of prisoners), and partly personal warfare against what the author believes is a pervasive American military mentality and a foreign policy that makes more enemies than friends.

Duncan's merits are obvious. He has written a buoyant work filled with rueful reflections on our past and present errors, but charged with hopes for the future. In relating his impressions of army life he is at his best; some really fine pages describe the counterinsurgency training of the Green Berets; the numerous missions of the Special Forces into Viet Cong-held territory; the shop talk of war-weary soldiers groping to discover a rational explanation for their presence in Vietnam; the almost totally negative reactions of these same soldiers to the South Vietnamese army, government, and people; and the sorry plight in the armed forces of the American Negro, who still suffers from discrimination despite the efforts of his government to eradicate it.

Some readers will be embarrassed by the author's subjective reactions and emotions. A more serious liability is his judgments. Certain of his observations are more than dubious; they are amazing. He remarks that he failed to offer possible solutions to the Vietnam War because the President is well aware of them all, and "that none have been implemented proves only that there is no desire to do so." To Duncan the narrowing of hat brims, especially the "brimless Green Beret," seems indicative of the ever-narrowing American definition of reality. He contends that another generation of Americans "is prepared to walk unresistingly into the ovens of war," having been conditioned by the "new legions" of American militarism, whose public relations campaigns include such gimmicks as John Wayne war movies, Christmas war toys for the "tough little soldiers," Green Beret bubble gum with cards depicting the art of killing, and the intrusion into our everyday language of such phrases as "War on Poverty," "War on Crime," and "War on Air Pollution." Duncan makes many other unsubstantiated assertions.

At the same time he has a tendency



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to oversimplify complex events. This is particularly true in his comparison of the American Revolution with the Vietnamese War. Both, he observes, began as rebellions against colonial powers: America against England; Vietnam first against France and now the United States. Both resorted to sabotage and guerrilla warfare. And both accepted revolution only when recourse to political action had been exhausted. "There is another similarity," writes Duncan, "one that Americans tend to forget: many major powers considered the American Revolution's political ideology a threat to world order; many nations besides England felt that the Revolution had to be crushed lest the concept spread and destroy the world or make it unfit to live in." What "major powers" does he mean? France, Spain, and Holland, who fought as allies of America; or Russia, Sweden, Portugal, Prussia, Denmark, and Turkey, who formed a league of "Armed Neutrality" against the British?

DESPITE these limitations there is much of value in *The New Legions.* Evident on every page is Duncan's humanity. And the nobility of his cause—the end of the war and the triumph of peace, justice, and integrity throughout the world—is, of course, incontestable. His book is often illuminating and frequently provocative. Its greatest contribution is as a starting point for further discussion and clarification rather than as a definitive answer to the questions it raises.

The Quiet Role of the Go-Betweens

The Intermediaries: Third Parties in International Crises, *by Oran R. Young (Princeton University Press. 427 pp. $10), examines the efforts of the United Nations and individual, uninvolved countries to restore peace where precarious or rent. Leslie Roberts is a political columnist with the Montreal Star.*

By LESLIE ROBERTS

IN THE vast literature exploring the problems of how to maintain world peace, or patch it after it has been broken, the need has long existed for a serious work that will enunciate guide lines in language the general reader can comprehend. *The Intermediaries* leaves the door still open. It may be a political journalist's liking for simple expression which makes Oran Young's verbosity and academic jargon irritating. Nevertheless his is a hard book to read, even in small doses.

This is regrettable, because Young's basic study is sound and deeply researched. The manner in which he traces the changing nature of the United Nations is an example. Here the author starts with the original concept that the four Great Powers would police the world and the companion assumption that the quartet would obviously share general agreement. (One largely forgotten item to which he points is "the fear of the small powers that . . . unity in the Security Council would enable the Great Powers to run roughshod over the rest of the world"—a timely reminder of attitudes long forgotten.) Thence Young moves on to the Unity for Peace Resolution, which broke a Council deadlock through action in the Assembly. An outline of the Hammarskjöld era—the U.N.'s most effective period—follows. Finally come Council and Assembly as we know them today. Unfortunately, the book was completed prior to the recent Israeli-Arab debates, which again have changed the whole concept of peace-restoring problems and of the role of intermediaries.

The infinite variety of crises, ranging from superpower confrontations to brush-fires in which neither (or at most one) is involved, is thoroughly examined. So are the problems of uprising and violence deriving from post-colonial conditions. The author also analyzes the interventions and mediations carried on by such bodies outside the U.N. as NATO and the Organization of American States. Here I think he overlooks factors of importance. The original intervention in Santo Domingo, for example, was unilateral. The OAS was brought in later by what (as non-Americans see it) was tantamount to diplomatic coercion. Vietnam is mentioned only briefly on three widely separate occasions. Yet the U.S. role and the manner in which the Soviet Union has aided the North—just enough to keep China out, but without going so far as to risk general war—comprised the most urgent problem of our time until the Middle East recently caught fire. I am at a loss to understand how such a topic could be glossed over, at least as an example of the rejection of intermediaries.

Writing as a Canadian, one knows much of the frustrations of the intermediary. Not only was my country, through Lester B. Pearson, the designer of UNEF (Young seems to give most of the credit to Hammarskjöld, although a Nobel Prize went to Pearson for "inventing" a face-saving device for France and Britain on one of the rare occasions when the U.S. and USSR joined hands), but Canada provided a major portion of the resulting force stationed along the UAR border with Israel and the force in Cyprus. She has aided elsewhere. However, Canada's greatest frustration has come from her membership on the Vietnam Truce Commission (born impotent) and from such special efforts as those of Chester Ronning, a Canadian diplomat of almost lifelong Asian experience. Twice Ronning has been sent to Hanoi by Ottawa. No serious difficulty was encountered in getting the North to state its position. The subsequent rebuffs—a subject I have discussed with Ronning at length—came when he tried to talk to Washington. In this book, one finds no mention of the thwarted efforts of the "friendly uninvolved," which have great bearing on the future of intermediaries.

Nor can one find any reference to such an organization as the Commonwealth Secretariat, headed by Canadian diplomat Arnold Smith. Yet it is perhaps the clearest case on record where "trust" has been the great factor in success. Until the Secretariat's creation, the Commonwealth Office in London was the clearing-house for the some twenty members of the partnership, all but five of whom are nonwhite. Because Canada was in no way responsible for their earlier colonial condition, the black and brown members have tended to trust the judgment of a Canadian Secretary-General (as they did not always trust the British) in resolving inter-Commonwealth issues. Young has missed this successful intermediary's role entirely.

Scattered through the book are references by the score to "quiet" successes negotiated by the U.N. and others. One thinks of U Thant's role in the Cuban crisis and the face-saving device provided for Khrushchev in the shutdown of various American bases not far from the USSR's doorstep. Many unilateral negotiations—among them Russia's role in the India-Pakistan trouble—have been well handled. One wonders though how the author would have viewed the Soviet's strange behavior in the present Middle East imbroglio.

Mr. Young offers no solutions to recurrent international crises; this was never his purpose. He does recognize that no easy answers (or, for that matter, any) exist in a world where national chauvinism dominates thinking, and two superpowers vie for supremacy—which suggests that unbiased intermediaries will become consistently harder to find.

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Marshaling McLuhanism

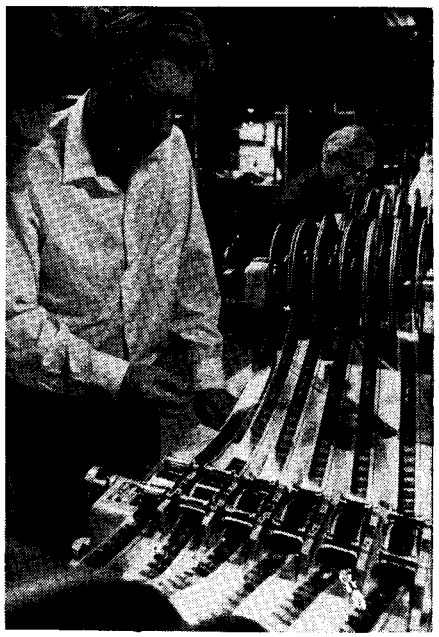
MONTREAL.

FOR A GOOD many years now we have been hearing that the motion picture is the art form of the twentieth century, then visited our local movie houses only to emerge wondering who is being kidded. During the past four decades, sound has been added, and color, and wide screens; but boy still meets girl and gets girl (albeit a bit more graphically these days), and variations on the seven basic plots are still being hashed and rehashed in fairly conventional ways. An occasional film comes along, like Richard Lester's *A Hard Day's Night* or Antonioni's *Blow-Up,* to remind us that the medium has not stagnated utterly. It takes a visit to Montreal's dynamic Expo 67, however, to comprehend the incredible richness and variety of form and content that tomorrow's film-makers may be able to explore and exploit. Suddenly, the ordinary, story-telling movie seems oddly restricted, even quaintly old-fashioned, and the single, silvered rectangle as antiquated as the Wright brothers' first plane.

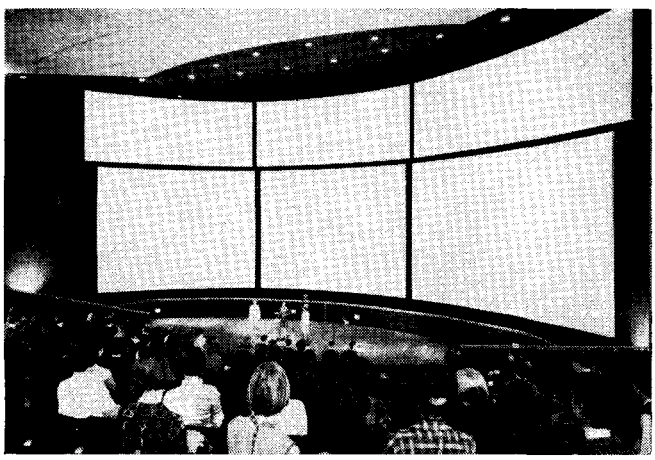
What strikes one immediately as he trots through Expo 67's vast yet crowded acreage are the long lines waiting patiently around each exhibit that includes a film show, and the relative accessibility of those buildings that do not. Also, there seems to be a mathematical equation at work: The more screens on the inside, the longer the lines on the outside. Unquestionably, we are edging toward an era of multiple screens: The three screens that film-makers Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid introduced in *To Be Alive* at the Johnson's Wax exhibit in the recent New York World's Fair—the film is now running as part of Expo's United Nations presentation—have been dwarfed by their own six-screen creation for Canadian Pacific-Cominco, *We Are Young.* In *Labyrinth,* a giant screen, some four stories high, has been set on end at right angles to another installed below floor level; spectators watch from four tiers of galleries as images bounce from one screen to the other, then are shepherded past a kaleidoscopic light show into another chamber where five screens are arranged in the form of a crucifix [See "*Labyrinth:* Film in a Framework," SR, July 8]. At Telephone Associates, the audience in the spherical auditorium is surrounded by a 360-degree, Disney-produced tour of Canada that, in the most literal sense, "puts you in the picture."

The picture, in all the more exciting pavilions, has little in common with what we ordinarily think of as movies. There are vast composites that fill the multiple screens, then abruptly fragment into separate frames that contrapuntally develop a theme or create a design. The eye is bombarded by images, drawn from one area to another as each new picture appears. It darts anxiously back and forth, seeking relationships either esthetic or thematic. The mind is forced into play, searching for the links and connections that will give an order, a structure, to the incessant hail of fresh, disparate visuals. But it is by no means entirely intellectual; at times the effects are wholly visceral, and the audiences' involuntary gasps and cries suggest a degree of empathy that goes far beyond mere plot involvement. In *Labyrinth,* an African native paddles apprehensively through a nighttime jungle while, on another screen, a crocodile lurks in a pool of flickering light, and the entire audience holds its breath. In *We Are Young,* two youths in a jalopy bounce recklessly across a trackless prairie, halting abruptly at the very lip of a canyon. The audience shrieks in unison.

For all the fascination of these devices as effects, however, and despite all the ingenuity that the Expo film-makers have displayed in utilizing them, the techniques themselves pose many a serious question. A number of years ago, when documentary was still in its infancy, John Grierson propagandized in its behalf by speaking of it as a proper teaching tool in a democracy. Documentary, he said, dramatized fact and made it understandable and meaningful to great numbers of people. The films at Expo are documentaries insofar as they deal, for the most part, with reality and seek to present ideas rather than fiction. What is missing, however, is Grierson's passionate concern for facts, for informa-



Alexander Hammid, co-director of *We Are Young,* examines the six strips that make up the picture.



The Canadian Pacific-Cominco exhibit at Expo 67 where *We Are Young* is being shown—"Suddenly . . . the single, silvered rectangle is as antiquated as the Wright brothers' first plane."

***We Are Young* as it appears on the screen—"The eye is bombarded by images, drawn from one area to another as each new picture appears."**

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tion. The films might better be described as attitude-builders. They present, in the hot, symbol-laden flashes that Marshall McLuhan has identified as typical of our time, a cunningly prepared but thoroughly predigested concept.

To be sure, the concepts presented at Expo are scarcely revolutionary. *We Are Young,* which is perhaps the most serious and searching of the lot, merely reminds us through its vivid and often amusing imagery that there is more to our teen-age generation than psychedelic trips and go-go dances. Art Kane's attractively photographed *A Time to Play,* which fills the three giant screens of the U.S. pavilion, implies a connection between the simple games that children play and the more deadly games of our adult world. The beast that lurks in the *Labyrinth,* we are somewhat baldly told, is that locked deep in each of us. But most of the films are devoted, as single-mindedly as any TV commercial, to developing the notion of Canada the beautiful, Ontario the beautiful, or Czechoslovakia the industrious. The multiple screens, each with its own glowing image, lead inexorably to only one conclusion—and nothing is presented that might call it into question, much less refute it.

Of course, the Expo is a fair, and people do not come to fairs primarily for an education; but one can also legitimately ask whether the techniques introduced in Montreal can ever serve an educational program, so extraordinarily complex and exorbitantly expensive are they. In the visually exciting *Man and His Planet,* a 70-mm projector has been turned on its side and the image trisected to correspond to the three climatic belts. Disney's view of Canada is provided by eleven 35-mm projectors working in unison. In Canada's Carousel, audiences sit on the perimeter of a circular platform that carries them around a series of five theaters, each equipped to show continuously a five-minute film. In *Man and the Polar Regions,* the audience sits on a turntable that revolves slowly past eleven large screens, each with its own projector and film. The colorful images in *Kaleidoscope* are amplified by being reflected into dozens of artfully placed mirrors. This is scarcely the sort of thing that your local board of education is prepared to cope with out of its current audio-visual budget.

Even assuming that it could, however, the educational value of these exhibits is still problematical. In fact, to be utterly frank, the new film techniques at Expo 67 would seem to be ideally suited only for education in a totalitarian state. They put on a good show, but what they present is an opinion, an attitude. And it is opinion formed by a minimum of

(*Continued on page* 46)

WORLD OF DANCE

Villella: A Dancing Harlequin Reborn

THE BALLERINA, in almost every instance, is the object of adoration by thousands upon thousands of balletomanes. This is understandable, for a great number of ballet fans are little girls or young ladies who may dream of becoming a Tallchief, a Fonteyn, a Plisetskaya. In rarer instances, the *premier danseur* has his equally ardent followers. In this category today, one could point to the Royal Ballet's Rudolf Nureyev, equally favored by young mods and sophisticates; Erik Bruhn, the most noble of the world's *premiers danseurs nobles,* who belongs to both the Royal Danish Ballet and our own American Ballet Theatre; and Edward Villella of the New York City Ballet, the resident company at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater.

There are, of course, Villella fan clubs, and woe to the critic who may occasionally find fault with the favored one; conversely, a critical rave will evoke outpourings of gratitude. But Villella stirs not only the "in" balletgoers but also the general public, for he is a great dancer, a great artist—one of the best that America and, indeed, the world has ever produced.

This week, Villella—ex-boxer, graduate of Maritime Officers School, and teen-age baseball buff of the Bayside section of Long Island—is the star attraction, with his favorite partner, Patricia McBride (also of the New York City Ballet), at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival at Lee, Massachusetts. At the Pillow, where he is a special favorite, he is appearing as one of the dancingest males in the history of the theater, Harlequin, in a *pas de deux* from George Balanchine's two-act ballet masterpiece, *Harlequinade.*

Harlequin, as we all know, never walked. He pranced. He danced. In the old *commedia dell'arte,* which still survives in Denmark, Harlequin wooed and won his Columbine as a fleet-footed, agile lover. Balanchine's *Harlequinade* has been pretty much tailored to the talents of the prancing, fleet, agile, and spectacularly virtuosic Villella. During the course of this colorful ballet, the mischievous Harlequin conducts his courtship, makes magic, keeps the various plots rolling along, and, as a dance figure, accomplishes some spectacular feats of skill on the ground and in the air.

The *pas de deux* which Jacob's Pillow audiences are seeing does not, of course, reproduce the story-line, but it does introduce us to the immortal team of Harlequin and Columbine; and it does provide Villella with multiple opportunities to display his electrifying physical prowess. (The full-length *Harlequinade,* with Villella and McBride, will be on view when the New York City Ballet opens a long repertory season in November at the New York State Theater.)

In addition to the *Harlequinade* duet, Villella is presenting a new dance, one choreographed by himself. This is a continuation of his fondness for Jacob's Pillow and his deep admiration and affection for the Pillow's seventy-five-year-old founder and director, Ted Shawn. "Papa" Shawn, as he is known to three generations of dancers throughout the world of dance, has long encouraged "Eddie" to extend his dance horizons. Thus, Villella has danced at the Pillow in classical roles not included in the repertory of the New York City Ballet, and it was there that he did his very first choreography just a year ago with his *Shostakovich Ballet Suite* (his wife, Janet Greschler, was one of his principals). Only later did he create his *Narkissos* for his home company, the New York City Ballet, first at the Saratoga

Villella, the *premier danseur,* as the Prince in *The Nutcracker.*

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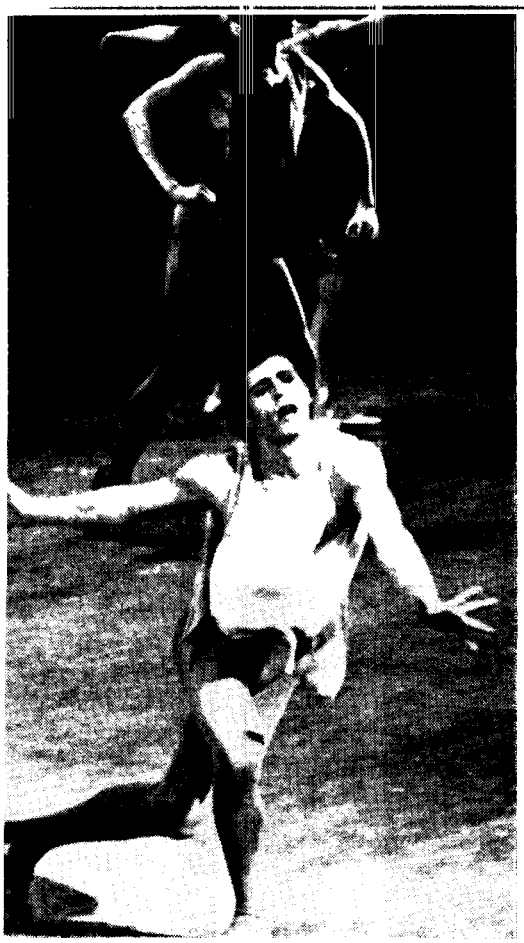
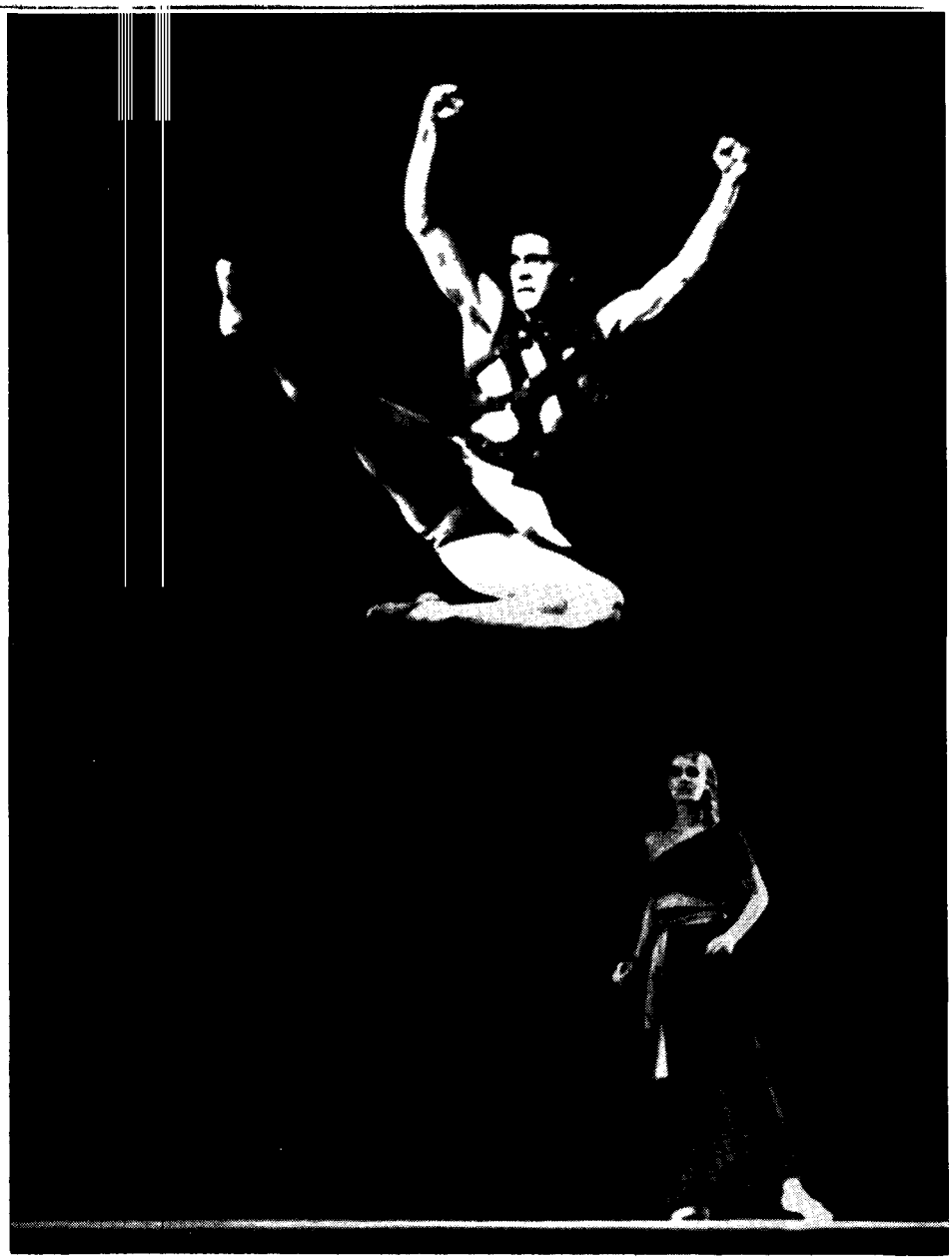


The dancer-choreographer, as the restless, searching youth in his own ballet, *Narkissos*.



—*Martha Swope.*

Prodigal Son—"aerial explosions as dramatic symbols."

Apollo—the young god and three muses (Suki Schorer, Patricia McBride are shown)—in the Balanchine masterpiece.

Performing Arts Center and, subsequently, at the New York State Theater.

Villella, just turned thirty, is far more than a dancing athlete. For this era, he has made the title role in Balanchine's masterpiece, *The Prodigal Son* (created in 1929), his own. Here he combines his breathtaking athleticism with acting powers which are far more than serviceable. Indeed, his great jumps at the start of the ballet are far more than displays of technique; rather, he uses these aerial explosions as dramatic symbols of the youth's desperate need to flee the safety and the security of his home.

His skill as an actor-dancer serves him well when he diverts his talents to the musical theater, for his on-stage and television appearances in *Brigadoon* have earned him smash reviews from drama and TV reviewers as well as dance critics. As a matter of fact, he is eager to work more frequently in the dance-drama area, for he knows that when the spring of youth is gone, ten or fifteen years from now, he must have established himself as an expert in dramatic dance as he relinquishes his status as a virtuoso.

His virtuosity, however, has paid many dividends. Dancing with the New York City Ballet in the Soviet Union, he became the first and only American male dancer to be forced (quite against his will) to grant an encore in response to tumultuous Russian applause. Furthermore, he was the first American male dancer to perform as guest artist with the Royal Danish Ballet, an institution even older than Russia's Imperial (now State) Ballet.

The little boy who became one of the world's major dance artists almost by accident—his mother took him along to ballet class when Eddie's sister was taking lessons, simply because he got into mischief when left home alone—has had to surmount shortness of height in his own compact body and also the policy of a company (the New York City

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Ballet) which does not permit star billing and which avoids announcing casts in advance of performances. The first problem he met by learning how to place his body in relationship to a girl taller than himself—Jules Perrot, husband of Carlotta Grisi, the first *Giselle*, was so short that he rarely stood still on stage and spent most of his time doing vaulting leaps—and the second difficulty he surmounted by being so brilliant that the theater grapevine, a mysterious but potent means of communication, let the public know when he would be performing.

The Villella of 1967 retains the enthusiastic support of balletomanes throughout the world, but he has gone even further, for he has become a public figure. Nureyev has achieved this status through a combination of his dazzling dancing and his unpredictable, way-out, flamboyant off-stage behavior. Villella (who likes to frug and watusi as much as Nureyev) is quiet, almost shy (though articulate). Quietly, shyly, then, but with determination, he has built himself into a dancer who appeals to the public and not simply to aficionados of ballet. For this very reason, the highly distinguished Bell Telephone Hour on television is now filming the Villella story.

Edward Villella, in truth, is becoming almost as famous as the immortal character which he portrays so superbly, Harlequin himself. —WALTER TERRY.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

At Home with the Winos

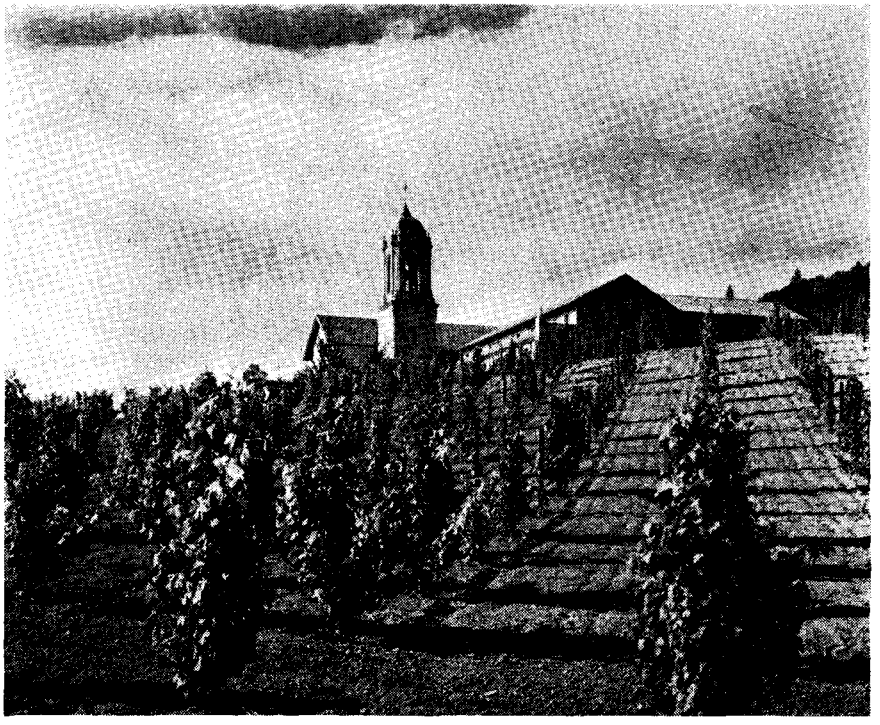
NO ONE takes seriously a California day that dawns hazy and cold, for by noon the haze may well be burned off, and by 2 o'clock, before the late afternoon chill begins again, the thermometer may be nosing into the 80s. It was that kind of day the other Sunday when I left a comfortable nest in northern California where a wood fire eased the shivers, and set off for the Napa Valley, eager to be cheered no less by the sun than by Napa's celebrated wines.

Vineyards flourish in many places in California—in Sonoma County, in Santa Clara, San Benito and Santa Cruz Counties, and of course in the famed Napa Valley. Napa Valley's vineyards, strung out from the town of Napa, 45 miles from San Francisco, to Calistoga, have made Route 29 a vintner's boulevard. Some of California's most famous labels lie along that byway, among them Beaulieu, Inglenook, Louis Martini, Beringer, The Christian Brothers, Charles Krug, Heitz and Hanns Kornell.

Most of the wineries are colorful places with ivy-hung buildings dating back to the early days of California wine-making. Almost all of them invite visitors to tour the wine works, and those that do top off each tour with a wine-tasting session in a cool and handsome backroom. The sale of bottled goods made by the establishment is not discouraged.

Although the French are widely linked with wine culture, few Frenchmen emigrated to the California vineyards which are largely dominated by families of Germans and Italians. The first commercial wine in Napa Valley was made by Charles Krug, a free-thinking Prussian who came to Philadelphia when he was twenty-two and taught in the Freethinker's School. Prussia was in political ferment in the late 1840s, with the new liberals arrayed against a king who believed in divine right and a medieval network of estates grouped under his control. Krug was jailed but freed quickly when new outbreaks erupted. This time he returned to America to stay, working his way across the Isthmus. He was soon in the wine business, first in Sonoma, and later in Napa where he pressed the first 1,200 gallons of wine ever produced in the Valley, an achievement that has made the present Charles Krug winery a state landmark.

Krug sold the Sonoma place, married a niece of General Vallejo, and came into her dowry, an estate of 540 acres, part of a Mexican land grant. His wine went to Mexico, Germany, England, and the Eastern seaboard, where it was highly



California vineyard and monastery—"colorful places . . . dating back to the early days."

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prized. A plant louse all but ruined Napa's vineyards in the 1880s, and after Krug died, James K. Moffitt, whose father was a close friend and a patron of Krug's, took over the vineyards. The Moffitts held the vineyard through Prohibition years, selling it in 1943 to the Cesare Mondavi family. Cesare is dead, but his wife, Rosa, heads the company assisted by her two sons, Robert and Peter, the first generation of American-born Mondavis.

Germans flourished in the Valley from those days until now. Krug's employees included the Beringer brothers and Carl Wente, Germans who started California wineries in the 1870s. The Hanns Kornell Champagne Cellars at the head of the Napa Valley were started by an emigré German who arrived in New York in 1940 with a suitcase and $2. He came from a family of wine-makers, however, and by 1952 he had leased a winery in Sonoma. In 1958 he bought a winery north of St. Helena and Hanns Kornell was in the champagne business.

Visiting the vineyards is a proper sport in northern California, and many of the wine-makers have set aside picnic tables under the giant eucalyptus trees. Most vineyards reserve their picnic grounds for groups and associations who book them as much as a year ahead. The Sons of Italy were congregated in the arbors at Beringer's the day I put in, and the sweet perfume of oil and garlic was already wafting heavenward. The Retired Officers Association had taken over the grounds at Krug's, and beefy colonels in soda jerk hats were elbowing each other in an effort to get at the KP chores from which they might have shrunk in horror twenty years ago.

THE centerpiece of the Beringer estate is the old Rhine House, a Gothic mansion full of gables and eaves where, in seventeen-room splendor, the family once lived in transplanted style. The house was supposed to have been an exact replica of their Rhine home near Mainz. Tours start from the house and wind through the miles of limestone tunnels dug by Chinese labor, troop past the great oak casks carved by talented hands back in Germany nearly 100 years ago. Rhenus, god of the Rhine, and Mosela, goddess of the Moselle, are whittled in elaborate effigy on the casks, some of which hold 2,000 gallons of aging wine and have been in use since 1876. Giant redwood tanks, less ornamental, hold up to 20,000 gallons, enough for a gay party, and are so large they must be reached by catwalks.

Despite the size of the storage and aging tanks there is not enough wine in the Valley to meet the demands. The influx of population is forcing the increase of land values, and grape lands are falling to the subdividers. Unfortunately this is happening at a time when

the nation's tastes and appetites are becoming more edified and refined. A widely traveled population drinks and serves more wine. More refined palates demand lighter and fruitier wines that complement today's lighter diets.

A fourth of Beringer's business is in sacramental wines, a diversification which helped them through the Prohibition years. One of their most famous wines is Barenblut, a dry red which is designed for roasts and game. Big ornate steins still decorate the tasting room of the Rhine House, and some of the third generation Beringer boys bear the unmistakable imprint of the Rhinelands, if not in speech, certainly in mien.

Krug's wines, probably better known nationally, are made in a neighboring winery just up the road. Krug dug no cellars, preferring to store his wine, as it is stored today, in stone houses with 30-inch-thick walls. The modern machinery takes wine-making a long way from foot stomping. Grapes are picked and placed in metal gondolas, then dumped in a hopper where a worm gear feeds them into a crusher. The fermenting tanks take 6,000 gallons of wine, holding the reds for five days until they ferment. Red wines are aged in the wood for eighteen months to two years and then stored in enormous glass-lined steel tanks bought from a defunct brewery in New York. Put into bottles and corked, labeled, and packed in cases, Krug's wines are picked up by a Southern Pacific freight train that rumbles by every day.

Like Paul Masson, Charles Krug has organized musical soirées amid the grape fields. Krug's performances are called August Moon Concerts. The Goliard Players will appear the evening of August 12th, the International String Quartet the following week, and the Musical Arts Ensemble, ready with anything from Broadway show music to grand opera, on August 26th.

To many Americans, especially Easterners and those who travel with some frequency on the Continent, the labels of France and Italy still seem more familiar than those of California. Burgundy type wines are labeled in California by the type of grape: Gamay, Pinot Noir, and Red Pinot. Clarets or Bordeaux type wines may be Cabernet, Cabernet Sauvignon, and Grignolino. A Chablis might be a Pinot Chardonnay, a Pinot Blanc, a Folle Blanche, or Chenin Blanc. Sweeter sauternes will appear as Sauvignon Blanc and Semillon. Rhine wines are generally recognizable by bottle shapes and similarity with European labels – Riesling, Traminer, and Gewürztraminer, to name three. I assume anyone who drinks such wines as Thunderbird and Tingle knows what's inside the bottle.

TRYING to wed California wines with California cuisine must have proven something of a challenge, but a valiant effort has been made by the Wine Institute which publishes a booklet of recipes called *California Wine Cookery and Drinks*. Without invading Julia Child's preserve too deeply, I feel I ought to tell you that you can sprinkle California sherry into something called Surprise Meatballs, drop sauterne in Picnic Corn 'n Seafood Chowder, and put a cup of California burgundy in Zucchini Supper Casserole. A third of a cup of burgundy also goes into Baked Barbecued Frankfurters. Doesn't harm the food a bit. They have also concocted a Tomato Wine Aperitif which upon inspection proves to be a Bloody Mary made with Rhine wine instead of vodka. A Bloody Wino, no doubt. —HORACE SUTTON.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

BLACK IS THE COLOUR OF MY TRUE-LOVE'S HEART. By Ellis Peters. Morrow. $4.50.

NO BONES ABOUT IT. By Joan Fleming. Ives Washburn. $3.95.

THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS CAUGHT. By Ronald Seth. Hawthorn. $4.95.

THE TROUBLE WITH SERIES THREE. By Michael Kenyon. Morrow. $4.50.

THE UNCOMMITTED MAN. By R. E. Pickering. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

Fiction

ENVY AND OTHER WORKS. By Yuri Olesha. Doubleday. Paperback, $1.45.

GREEN DAYS BY THE RIVER. By Michael Anthony. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS: A Novel of Innocence and Evil. By Evelyn Berckman. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE LOOMING SHADOW. By Legson Kayira. Doubleday. $3.95.

PIT BULL. By Stephen Geller. Dutton. $3.95.

A STORY THAT ENDS WITH A SCREAM AND EIGHT OTHERS. By James Leo Herlihy. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

SUDINA. By Jessie Rosenberg. Dutton. $4.95.

History

BLACK CHICAGO: The Making of a Negro Ghetto 1890-1920. By Allan H. Spear. Univ. of Chicago Press. $7.50.

THE GRAND TOUR. By Geoffrey Trease. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

SOUTH FROM THE SPANISH MAIN. By Earl Parker Hanson. Delacorte. $8.95.

TOUGH TRIP THROUGH PARADISE 1878-1879. By Andrew Garcia. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Literary History, Criticism

THE AMERICAN LITERARY REVOLUTION 1783-1837. Edited by Robert E. Spiller. Anchor. Paperback, $1.95.

EDMUND BURKE: The Practical Imagination. By Gerald Wester Chapman. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

FROM THE GREAT DEEP: Essays on *Idylls of the King*. By Clyde de L. Ryals. Ohio Univ. Press. $5.50.

Miscellany

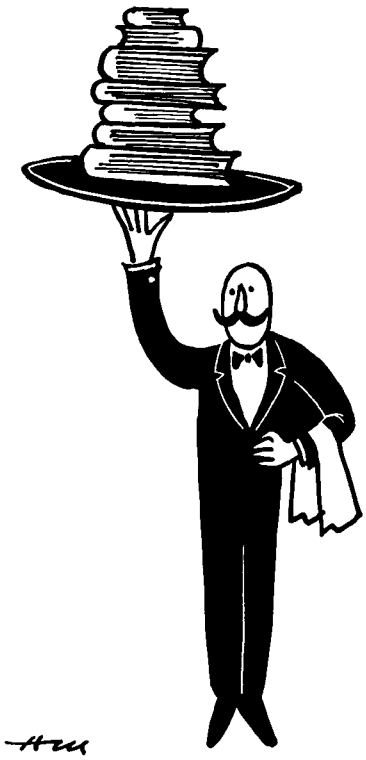
THE OTHER HAND: An Investigation into the Sinister History of Left-Handedness. By Michael Barsley. Hawthorn. $4.95.

PROMOTING ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT: With Illustrations from Kenya. By Jacob Oser. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.

A TASTE OF PORTUGAL. By Shirley Sarvis. Scribners. $5.95.

THE TEN MINUTE GOURMET DIET COOKBOOK. By Yvonne Young Tarr. Lyle Stuart. $5.95.

VENUS UNMASKED: Or, an Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of the Passion of



Love; A Collection of Eighteenth-Century Bawdry. Edited by Leonard de Vries and Peter Eryer. Stein & Day. $5.95.

Poetry

ALOHA: Polynesia; Hawaiian Poems. By Joseph Joel Keith. Manyland. $4.

GREEK LYRIC POETRY. Translated by Willis Barnstone. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.75.

SIX POETS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO RENAISSANCE: Portraits and Check Lists. By David Kherdian. Giligia. $17.50.

Political Science, Law

THE ATLANTIC ALLIANCE: Jackson Subcommittee Hearings and Findings. Edited by Senator Henry M. Jackson. Praeger. $6.95.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PROCESS: Strategies, Rules, and Procedures. By Lewis A. Froman, Jr. Little, Brown. $5.

HUGO BLACK AND THE SUPREME COURT: A Symposium. Edited by Stephen Strickland. Bobbs-Merrill. $10.

Science

THE HUNT FOR GERMAN SCIENTISTS. By Michel Bar-Zohar. Hawthorn. $4.95.

SCIENCE IN UTOPIA: A Mighty Design. By Nell Eurich. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.95.

Travel

IRISH JOURNAL. By Heinrich Böll. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THIS LAND OF ISRAEL. By Andrei Sedych. Macmillan. $5.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Movies

Continued from page 42

factual information; it comes primarily from preselected, expertly manipulated visual data. One can only rejoice that the films in Canada deal with such noncontroversial topics as children's games and touristic splendors.

Even where the films have been created primarily for entertainment purposes, certain problems arise. Czechoslovakia's popular and ingenious Kino-automat, for example, develops a story that is stopped every few minutes to permit viewers to decide how it will continue. (Two projectors are loaded with the appropriate variations.) Apparently democratic, it actually reduces the alternatives to a simplistic two—and, significantly, manages to reach the same conclusion no matter which choices are made.

Czechoslovakia scores again with its *Laterna Magika,* which also—and far more intricately—combines live action with film. Dancers appear on stage, then dart behind screens that apparently continue their movements, but against filmed backgrounds of real streets and buildings. A male dancer with a drum captures the image of a ballerina on his drumhead, then capers with it about the stage, returning it finally to a large screen at the rear. It is all cleverly, ingeniously worked out; but in its very precision it defeats itself. It is Radio City Music Hall art—a neatly packaged, necessarily standardized routine that can not possibly permit a moment of individual creation or improvisation.

DESPITE all of these reservations and shortcomings, however, the visitor to Expo 67 leaves with the feeling that the motion picture medium has come alive again. If it poses new problems for theater installations, technicians can solve these. (In fact, Expo 67 itself affords two excellent solutions. In the United Nations pavilion, *To Be Alive* has been printed down from its original three strips to a single wide-screen frame. And Ontario, which fills a wall with a mammoth screen, projects upon it images that fragment and refragment or zoom at will across the entire space.)

Far more important are the problems, both artistic and moral, that these kinetic new media pose for the creators. The possibilities are enormous. Understandably, the film-makers for Expo have approached them gingerly, exploiting the obvious, suggesting the potentials. But new film forms have come into being, and a new generation of film-makers is going to have to cope with them. One can only hope that they are not only aware of their responsibilities, but that they will live up to them.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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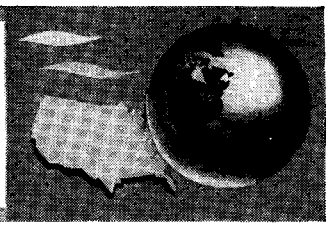
As Others See Us



PARIS:

Profound Affinities

HISTORY IS LIKE the tide, beset by storms; and, sometimes, a storm can obstruct and reverse the tide. The present tide is the reconciliation of Russia and America, or, more generally, the reintegration of Russia into the West. There never has been a direct conflict between Russia and America. On the contrary, the two great countries have always been attracted to one another by profound affinities.

The attraction was obstructed in the nineteenth century by the repugnance czarism inspired in American democracy. It was obstructed in the twentieth century by the fear Communism inspired in American capitalism. For all that, it has never ceased to be virtual.

During the war, Russophilia, lashed on by the deeds of the Red Army, rose to a veritable fervor in America. After the war, Europe was the apple of discord. In ruins, it was ripe for the taking. Russia took possession of Europe from the Niemen to the Elbe; it would have taken little encouragement for her to seize it from the Elbe to the Atlantic. America would have struggled to the death to prevent reinforcement of this colossus which had already grown so strong. This was not necessary. The Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Alliance were sufficient.

When Europe returned to life, the conflict which put Russia and America in such violent opposition had evaporated. The ideological conflict lost its violence at the same time as the political conflict. Russia—like France in the long years after 1789—has kept her phraseology, but she has lost her revolutionary dynamism. She has introduced Western methods into her economy. She has become a conservative power, spurred on by Messianism and Chinese racism. This is the reason for the phenomenon we have been watching for some years with so much relief: the Russo-American reconciliation.

Could the Israeli conflict be that which the Vietnam conflict has not been and will not be: the storm which reverses the tide? Washington is apprehensive. America is still held . . . by the declaration of Arthur Goldberg, summarizing on May 24 his country's anterior commitments: . . . to maintain the political independence and territorial integrity of all nations of the Middle East. The Israelis retort that the two terms, independence and integrity, are indivisible. In allowing the Gulf of Aqaba to be closed, America failed in its obligation to assure their independence and cannot offer them its obligation to maintain the integrity of their vanquished enemies.

America has not yet declared itself. But it is inconceivable that it will unite with Russia in compelling the Israelis to return, without the slightest guarantee, behind their irregular boundaries of June 4; to give up Jerusalem; to hand back the Gaza strip; to leave the Gulf of Aqaba to Nasser's goodwill; to bring the Jordanian mortars back to 12 and a half miles from Tel Aviv; to return to the Syrians the highlands which will permit them to bombard the Houleh.

The conflict retains all its seriousness. There is only one possible outcome—that is, if Russia and America agree on reasonable terms and if they dictate these to the antagonists. They and they alone are accountable for world peace, integrally and indivisibly.

—*Raymond Cartier, Paris Match.*

WINNIPEG:

World Leadership

PRESIDENT JOHNSON presented his credentials as world leader in his major foreign policy address to the people of the United States. His were words of reason, generosity, and moderation. Whatever may be said by other leading personalities, the U.S. President has set a tone of rational discussion in which progress can be made towards lasting peace, providing there is sufficient goodwill.

Mr. Johnson left the door open to any, or all, types of negotiation. The prescription he urged for settling the quarrels of the Middle East were by inference extended to southeast Asia. . . .

Mr. Johnson pledged U.S. aid for the settlement of the refugee problem now made more urgent by recent happenings. He emphasized that peace will not come to the Middle East unless the nations directly concerned play their full part in the settlement. . . .

President Johnson's low-key, but confident message ought to take much of the sting out of any of the unpleasant words that may follow at the U.N. It could be the foundation for a renewed effort towards world cooperation.

—*The Winnipeg Tribune.*

BOGOTA:

Latin View of Lottery

IT WOULD BE long and complicated to explain why, in general, restraints are being put on the New York Lottery. Let me say only that basically it is considered immoral. The concept of a game of chance doesn't go too well with the puritanical idea of gaining one's bread by the sweat of one's brow.

"If more money is needed for education—as is the case in New York—then taxes should be raised. For it is inconceivable that our children should be educated with money of the poor, who, generally, are the people who participate in lotteries. . . . People who look to win in lotteries stop working, etc. . . ."

This, at least, is what many Americans believe. And it is the theory that many people undoubtedly practice. But in view of the phenomenal success of casinos in Las Vegas and the Caribbean that are supported by American tourism

—*New Statesman, London.*

"Greece has been saved from the menace of the miniskirt!"

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(not to mention those of the Riviera), one starts to ask himself if the opinions against games of chance described above are the predominant ones. The naked truth is that millions of people in the United States place bets every day. Aside from the lottery, they bet on baseball, football, or boxing—in a clandestine way, naturally.

. . . All the window dressing—banks, big hotels, and armored trucks—covers the New York Lottery with a specious mantle of respectability which it would not have were the tickets sold by street solicitors. But as the habit does not change the monk, this tinsel does not hide the gambling nature of the lottery. . . .

—*Myriam Luz,*
El Tiempo.

MANCHESTER:

Apartheid in Reverse

THE MORE moderate Negro leaders find themselves forced to make their accommodations with the concept of black power in this generation. In moral terms there can be no argument about who is right. The disadvantages under which generations of Negroes have suffered would justify any political course likely to succeed.

If Negroes could achieve equality by forming a separate political party and separate labor unions trading only with Negro shops, by building Negro factories to provide Negro workers with jobs, and so on, their policy of apartheid, distasteful as it is, would be justified. But political or economic black power, if it is exercised in this way, will not succeed. The forces against it, the reactions it will create, are too strong.

—*The Guardian.*

Letters to the World's Editors

What People Are Writing to their Newspapers

Inferior and Civilized Races

DURING A COURSE at a dentistry school in Marseille, a doctor compared "the frequency of dental decay among inferior and civilized races." This was the first time in four years of advanced study that I heard a reference to inferior and civilized races from a professor.

I knew there existed a classification for inferior and superior species in the plant and animal scale, but this new term stupefied me. Numerous friends accepted it with a murmur of reprobation, but no more. To go any further would be to expose oneself to certain failure in the examination.

Would this be a new form of thought on the human race on the part of the Marseille schools? It would seem, however, that no scientific fact has yet brought proof of this [statement].

—*Student Group, Marseille,*
L'Express, Paris.

Orthographic Horrors

HOORAY FOR your campaign against orthographic horrors and your fight for purity of the language! But regulation should begin at home. Why don't you apply it, for example, to your comic strips and graphic histories, which are written in the most authentic brand of "Span-English" imaginable.

—*Noel Rodrigues M.,*
El Espectador, Bogotá, Colombia.

Indiscreet Questions

I FAIL to understand why none of the authors of the basic eight-page *Application for Permission for a Journey* did not think of the awkward situation created for a Czechoslovak applicant who has been invited to visit by friends in England or France and who is supposed to list in the prescribed columns the date of birth and occupation of his host, who may be a man or a lady, and, therefore, has to ask his friends for this information.

It seems to me that in this respect the forms should at least observe the basic requirements of courtesy. (Under the circumstances, one may wonder why they do not also ask the net income as a proof that the host will be able to feed our citizen during his visit.)

It would also be useful to distinguish between a recreational trip, such as to Yugoslavia, and emigration, say to America. If this were done, data could surely be omitted —regarding, for instance, parents and sisters and brothers who are dead, or the certificate of enterprise, etc.

—*Jaroslav Mikula,*
Kulturni Tvorba, Prague.

Ban the Beat

FOR SOME MONTHS now our office has been taken over by transistor radios. Some employees believe that listening to big-beat music for eight hours a day makes work easier.

These music lovers ceaselessly manipulate their sets, forcing all other employees to listen to most unusual noises. The office "musicians" disregard our pleas. Since the fight against noise has often been taken up by TV, radio, and the press, perhaps you could, dear editor, speak to the "musicians" on our behalf and persuade them that they are acting incorrectly. Please explain to them that one does not come to the office to bother others and ruin their nerves by forcing them to listen to the "big beat" during working hours.

—*Daily reader,*
Tribuna Robotnicza,
Katowice, Poland.

Exercise in Arrogance

THE OTHER DAY I chanced to look through a book titled *Happiness is Pakistan*. This book has been written by some of our foreign friends (more foreign than friends) through the collaboration of some Pakistanis who must be ashamed of themselves for being a party to this unholy enterprise.

This book ridicules almost everything from the institution of "purdah" to our National Anthem, the latter outrageously so. Pakistanis are a hospitable people, but they are a self-respecting people also. This book has injured their sensitivities.

May I remind the authors of this book that far more exhaustive books could be written on scores of things in their country which could scarcely furnish its citizens with a sense of pride or fulfilment? Those who live in glass houses should desist from throwing stones. The government may also like to look into the matter and, if necessary, proscribe this ugly exercise in arrogance.

—*J.G.Q.,*
Down, Karachi.

Animal Sanctuary

OUR FAMILY was very distressed to read Nan Hutton's column entitled "A Price on Their Heads."

As an animal lover, I appeal to some reader to send us several wombats. We would gladly pay the bounty on each, as well as the freight and any other expense involved.

We have given sanctuary to many hurt, orphaned, or stray animals on our eight acres of grass and bush. At present we have four young kangaroos, a ringtailed opossum, a swamp wallaby, a hawk with a bullet in his back, a crow with a broken wing, six goats, and all our own pets, including cats, dogs, turkeys, geese, peacocks, and cockatoos, so the wombats will be in good company.

—*Mrs. Tom Pass,*
Walkabout, Melbourne.

Nightmarish Plight

JORDAN'S PLIGHT, as described by Gavin Young in your issue of 25 June, is truly nightmarish, but while our hearts go out to the victims of the war, let not pity obliterate some hard facts.

If it is inconceivable to Gavin Young that "one cannot drive any more from Amman down the new highway to Jerusalem," it was equally inconceivable to me, in 1948, that one could not walk any more down the Jaffa Road into the Old City of Jerusalem, as I used to do dozens of times before then.

Jordan's recent development was geared largely to potash from the Dead Sea, and tourism. Yet I cannot recall that the U.N. 1947 resolution to partition Palestine into a Jewish State and an Arab State allocated either Jerusalem or the Dead Sea Potash Works to a country then still accurately called Trans-Jordan. I do recall, however, a U.N. scheme to internationalize Jerusalem in 1947; a scheme which was tacitly abandoned when Jordan annexed it.

Like millions of viewers in this country, I, too, have come under the spell of King Hussein's tragic personality, but I cannot fail to remember that the Arab cause, for which he made "Homeric sacrifices," was the destruction of Israel.

I dare say there were "wave after wave" of Israeli planes attacking Jordan. It must be just another oddity of the Jews to prefer victory to nice obituaries telling the world how valiantly Israel restrained herself before she was finally wiped off the face of the earth.

—*Ruth Jordan,*
The Observer Review, London.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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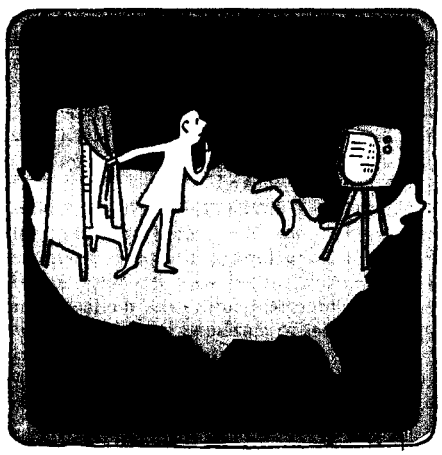

The Press and Twenty-Four-Hour Voting

A BIT MORE than half a century ago Charles Evans Hughes went to bed in New York convinced he had been elected President of the United States and that Woodrow Wilson, the man who had "kept us out of war," had been defeated for re-election. Though there was no radio in those days, the telephone, telegraph, and news ticker made the relay of information from one American coast to the other practically instantaneous and, for the first time, the nation was to become acutely aware of the problems inherent in any Presidential election conducted in four time zones. The fact that Woodrow Wilson took California in 1916 by a handful of late votes and was therefore re-elected President of the United States many hours after the polls had closed in the East brought editorial writers to the belief that something should be done to establish a uniform, simultaneous, nationwide system of voting in federal elections.

Some political scientists have always claimed that Californians, for example, are at a disadvantage in any national election. In 1964, Lyndon B. Johnson had been overwhelmingly elected President of the United States long before the polls closed on the Pacific Coast and many a Western voter simply didn't take the trouble to use his precious franchise since the main event had already been decided. With radio and television saturating the airwaves, it would have been an isolated citizen indeed who would not have known that Johnson had swamped Barry Goldwater by late afternoon Pacific Coast time. Immediately there were renewed cries to curb the press, to hold back on completed Eastern and Middle Western election returns until the voting had been accomplished in California. But Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, wisely stated: "We see any curb on the press—whether radio or television, newspapers or magazines—as the worst solution—and, in an opinion CBS has obtained from eminent counsel, as an unconstitutional suppression."

Dr. Stanton recently proposed anew the establishment of a nationwide twenty-four-hour voting day in the biennial years of federal elections. This proposition was embraced by the National Governors Conference and forwarded, as a resolution, to the White House and the Congress. The idea would be simply to establish a national voting holiday during which the polls would be open across the nation for a uniform period of twenty-four hours—that is, regardless of time zones, the polls would open simultaneously and close simultaneously twenty-four hours later. Voting could take place at any time within the twenty-four-hour period and every qualified voter in the nation would have time and opportunity to cast his ballot without foreknowledge of a possible outcome. Although the polls would probably open at different hours in different time zones, the voter of each community in the nation (including Alaska and Hawaii which are several hours later than the Pacific Coast states) could vote at whatever local time of day or night most convenient for him. In the age of the computer, a fast and accurate tally of the national vote immediately after the twenty-four-hour period had closed would eliminate the confusion and uncertainty generated by early partial returns. Nationwide, twenty-four-hour

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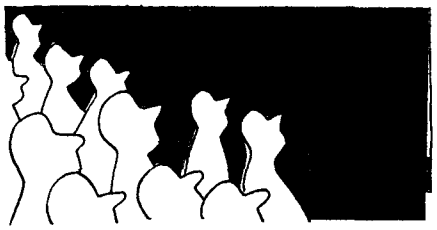
voting would also do away with the possibility of one section's influencing another's electoral behavior.

Dr. Stanton's idea is probably as sound as any proposal yet made to establish a uniform, simultaneous election, fair to all concerned. There is, however, no evidence that projections based on analyses of the votes already tabulated and announced in the earlier time zones have any significance on the voting behavior of those who have not yet cast their ballots, except possibly to discourage marginal voters in a one-sided election. In any case, twenty-four-hour voting is, it seems to us, better than any curb on radio, TV, or newspaper coverage of a great national election.

It has also been charged, now against the networks, formerly against the bulldog editions of newspapers, that early returns do not always indicate final results and are, therefore, injurious and prejudicial to the voting public. CBS



made a bad call in the New York City primary in 1965, incorrectly forecast the gubernatorial election in Georgia in 1966, and confidently identified the wrong candidate as "probable winner" in the Maryland gubernatorial race the same year. But television's occasional electoral boners are inevitable in all media and the newspapers have been no exception. For example, in 1916 the Oregon *Journal* reported that Hughes had defeated Wilson, relying on telegraphed information from the East without waiting to see how California, then a "sure" state for the Republicans, would vote. Similarly, in 1948 the Chicago *Tribune*'s early editions elected Thomas E. Dewey; in 1966 *The New York Times* incorrectly reported the Georgia gubernatorial race outcome two days after the election. And no journalist should forget the *Literary Digest* poll disaster of 1932 which stated flatly that Roosevelt could not win—and F.D.R. went on to become President four times.

In any case, it seems to us that the importance of speedy transmission of news to the public at election time far outweighs any prejudicial or manipulative effect on those who have not yet cast their ballot. If any change in our electoral laws has to be made, however, Dr. Stanton's twenty-four-hour voting day establishing a uniform, simultaneous, nationwide election seems to be easily the best suggestion so far. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

British Press Woes

THE TRADITIONALLY noncompetitive British domestic economy makes unnecessary, to quote from John Tebbel's article, "Britain's Chronic Press Crisis" [*SR*, July 8], "the tremendous volume of local retail advertising which makes so many American papers highly profitable." It also makes inevitable a terminally ill press, a broadcasting system that never was well, and a life of "inconvenience and discomfort" for most residents of the British Isles—acceptable or not, as a matter of tradition. [The situation] won't change until the Establishment moves England into the mainstream of today's world of comfort, convenience, and competition.

Competitors use advertising to promote consumption, consumption supports production, production creates wealth, and wealth supports a healthy press as an essential part of a healthy economy—facts which Britons seem not to understand.

HAROLD W. BANGERT.
Fargo, N.D.

Muzzling War Correspondents

IN REGARD TO the article by Trevor Christie, "The Generals and the News 'Spy'" [*SR*, July 8], a reliance upon precedent set down during the Civil War relating to an alleged crime committed by a civilian and tried by a military court will result only in misunderstanding. In the case of correspondent Thomas W. Knox, it was a matter of applying U. S. law within the United States and the only question, really, was that of jurisdiction of the military court over Mr. Knox. A number of cases from that time recognized jurisdiction by the military court only where civilian courts were not open.

In the case of General Westmoreland's threat to subject reporters to the U.S. Uniform Code of Military Justice in South Vietnam, however, we have quite a different matter. First, there is no extra-territorial extension of U.S. law into South Vietnam. That country has not relinquished this basic principle of sovereignty. (This is not to say that South Vietnam could not waive its right.) Second, the civilian (reporter) living in South Vietnam is there at the pleasure of the South Vietnam government and has a proper passport and visa which acknowledge this. In essence, MACV [Military Assistance Command Vietnam] has no jurisdiction over these persons whether they be U.S. citizens or foreign citizens. His threat is baseless and no doubt the product of applying emotion instead of research to the issue.

The Supreme Court dealt with very similar issues which stemmed from convictions of dependents of military personnel stationed overseas just after World War II. In these cases, where military courts found civilian dependents guilty, they were confined in federal prisons only to have the court release them for lack of jurisdiction. One might ask whether or not allowing the press corps reasonably free access to military information in South Vietnam is in keeping with the policy of our government. This question is best answered by reflection upon the new Public Information Act, which became effective on July 4, 1967.

JAMES P. HAGERSTROM.
San Bernardino, Calif.

Publicity and Public Relations

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S enthusiastic piece about public relations at American Telephone & Telegraph Company, "Lessons of History" [*SR*, July 8], appeared virtually at the same moment that this huge communications monopoly was being ordered to reduce its rates. Would the front-page publicity triggered by such an edict from Washington have disturbed the two men [former president Walter S. Gifford, and public relations expert Arthur W. Page] given such lavish treatment in this article?

I rather suspect it would. I also have misgivings as to whether they would have approved the pressure their former company has brought to bear on reporters in connection with the controversial merger plan involving the American Broadcasting Company. The issue is whether the integrity of the latter organization as a purveyor of news will not be compromised in the event it loses its current independent status. On the basis of recent efforts aimed at influencing the press to support the fusion, public concern has increased rather than lessened.

Perhaps a remark attributed to Mr. Gifford and cited by Mr. Golden bears reiteration: "If your background of living is not right I don't think any amount of publicity or any amount of effort will result in good public relations." Surely that is no less realistic an appraisal in 1967 than it was in 1940.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Preferred Media

AS USUAL, I find your communications issues provocative and informative. The controversy John Tebbel outlines on the impact of media in his article, "The Great Media Impact War" [*SR*, June 10], was of particular interest. I was disappointed, however, that he did not tackle, except for a few phrases, some of the problems the opinion researchers overlooked.

Neither the Roper Research Associates nor the Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, New Jersey, it appears from the Tebbel article, asked why the interviewed were watching or reading the media under study. Some researchers have done this. For example, in a study completed last year at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, by John G. Udell, director of business

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Radio: The Languishing Giant

By RAYMOND SWING

IN THIS country, stock is being taken of electronic communications. This time it is without rapturous admiration for what they do so wondrously; the evaluation is registering in what respects these communications are failing. A revolution is being measured—a revolution that is not reaching its potential.

Radio and television in this country have grown up so far without social supervision. Radio matured first and reached its maximum value in World War II, when it helped make our nation, hitherto a collection of regions, into a unified whole. The war was deciding the survival of our way of life and through radio the whole country could learn about it as it developed, everyone doing so generally at the same time. It heard the story in diverse terms, but all of them sharpened the acute awareness of our national identity. We did not become less regional but we found ourselves, as regions can, to be a single community. We were not fully aware at the time that this was happening, and even now we hardly appreciate that it was happening and that radio was producing this result.

Raymond Swing, whose journalistic career was equally divided—twenty-seven years in newspaper work, twenty-seven in broadcasting—celebrated his eightieth birthday this year. He broadcast first for the Columbia School of the Air, then for Mutual and for the Blue Network. He originated *American Commentary* on the BBC, to which he contributed for eleven years, and ended his services at the microphone as political commentator for the Voice of America. During World War II, *The New Yorker* wrote that his voice, next to that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, was the best known American voice in the world.

Then came television, which carried on the development of the community. But television, in growing up, smothered its social purposes in the surge for profits. This is what is now under examination. The social services of television and radio must be established and enlarged, which they cannot be while profit-making is the overriding consideration. That is the essence of the studies of the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Institute. Whether it is called educational, public, or cultural television, the meaning is the same. Commercial television cannot afford to stimulate and reflect community interests. Now some way is being sought to put the electronic revolution at the service of the community, to edify as well as entertain it.

Both the Ford and Carnegie studies focused on television, but that is not to say that TV has completely superseded radio. Presumably radio will be examined in due course. About as many American homes have radio as have television sets. The number of radio sets in the United States, in and out of homes, is in excess of 160,000,000, of which more than 50,000,000 are in cars. But radio no longer is building a national community as it did. It has been relegated to minor functions. Television surpasses it in glamor, excitement, and, indeed, in its occasional presentation of social problems. By now its national audience is tremendous, far greater for individual programs than radio ever mustered, a fact that turns out to be a hindrance to fulfilling its social duties, since social programs do not attract tremendous audiences. The hope is that cultural or public television can be independently financed, and that then it can perform its social functions far better than radio ever did. No doubt it can. The capabilities of the medium are almost limitless. But it would be a serious error to assume that television can do everything better than radio. If that were true, radio would not be languishing but dying, which it is not.

TAKE a quite minor example of radio's unique value, the blackout in the East two years ago. During the darkness, transistor radios kept a considerable portion of the public informed of what was happening and what was not happening, and so prevented panic. This it would do in a time of real national calamity if electricity were cut off. Transistorized radio is making a major contribution in creating vast audiences throughout the world for short-wave broadcasts. Americans, not being listeners to short-wave broadcasts, have little idea of their importance. Already there are about 250,000,000 radio sets in use outside the American continent. Millions of them bring news and features to regions not served by newspapers. Millions of illiterates now receive world and local news, many of them with cheap transistor sets.

This is the prelude to the creation of a world community made up of regions in the same way the United States became a national community. Indeed, it is the first time that the creation of a world community has become conceivable. It will take much more than short-wave radio to bring it about, more than radio plus television, which in time is sure to become universal. But the community cannot come into existence without them, and the impact of the electronic revolution should be measured in such terms. For many years radio will play a greater part than television in pulling the regions of the world together, and we need to utilize our own radio fully if we are to make our contribution to this growth.

RADIO can do two things better than television. It can explain the news and it can produce superior music. Both of these functions require undistracted listening, the ear being the doorway to the mind. If the eye gets into the act, the mind's contribution is diluted. This is not true of news documentaries and opera. But news documentaries are not numerous enough to give the public a full and convincing study of what the news means. And opera is only one dish of the musical feast.

Television in its daily output makes little effort to explain the news. Even the vaunted half-hour programs of Huntley-Brinkley and Walter Cronkite do little more than verbalize headlines, with a taped feature now and then, all interspersed among the commercials. Even Eric Sevareid's daily essays, sober and suggestive though they are—and a credit to him and to television—cannot add greatly to the understanding of the news. They are not meant to, otherwise they would be given more time. Howard K. Smith, Charles Collingwood, Joseph C. Harsch, and Daniel Shore are among the experienced broadcasters who are quite capable of explaining the news. But a news commentary is a demanding challenge and cannot be done in gulps of two-and-a-half minutes. Television, in trying to create the illusion that it is conscientiously and ably reporting and interpreting the news, is guilty of one of the most glaring frauds of our time. The deceit is only partly due to the obsession with profits. It also

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"The voice you are listening to is a machine. It's not an ordinary machine—it's a friendly machine."

results from a limitation of the medium. Just giving news interpretation more time will not completely solve the problem. When Elmer Davis had a quarter-hour on television, the sight of him reading his script became boring and the worth of his words was diminished. The five minutes he had on CBS radio were more effective and certainly more stimulating.

It should be obvious that the explanation of the news can be more competently done by radio. But radio today, having lost its monopoly, has also lost its stature. Twenty-five years ago there were dozens of commentators, each with his virtues and lack of them, each with a regular time and a faithful audience. Now only one national commentator of excellence survives, Edward P. Morgan, and he is about to be whisked away for a two-year stint on public television. True, there are a number of so-called five-minute spots on national radio to which eminent broadcasters are assigned. Some of them speak at a regular time (generally inconvenient), so that listeners can acquire the habit of tuning them in. But the five minutes are really only three or two-and-a-half minutes of broadcasting and are invariably interrupted by incongruous commercials. Now and then a point in the news can be illuminated and this surely is better than nothing.

But these snippets are outrageously insufficient. If news is to be evaluated, the background from which it emanates must be explored. If national policy is to be adequately judged, the listener must know what the choices are before one of them is adopted. In theory at least, the listener should be familiar with the issues on which the public servant acts in his behalf. He cannot know them as well but he should know the gist of them. This ideal can only be approximated, and to do it fairly well is what gifted journalists strive to achieve. They must know the choices quite well, and must be able to simplify and translate them for the interested listener. That is one way to make self-government real, for it makes it possible to measure political leaders by their wisdom and dismiss them for the lack of it.

THE American people today are not being given gifted explanation of the complexities of the world, which become more complex with stupefying swiftness. If radio had been grooming and selecting talented broadcasters, and giving them time and regularity, we should have known, for example, the full meaning of the choices in Vietnam at the time we were choosing a policy. With adequate news presentation we would not have had to watch on TV the Senate Foreign Relations Committee publicly floundering in its uncertainties. These broadcasts were like kindergarten classes for adults. The revolution in communications has made it possible for the thinking portion of the public to weigh the major policies which the President and the Congress have to work out and put into effect.

One reason why this has not come to pass is the failure of communications to keep pace with the swift changes here and abroad. We do know that the very survival of the human race depends on the mastery of nuclear energy by an intelligence equal to the ability that unleashed it. It also may depend on establishing controls of population growth. It is for statesmanship and communications to develop these abilities, and each is as vital as the other. Men must understand the increasing complexities, and communications has to translate them into statements that the layman can follow. It was relatively easy to summon the words to explain the American Revolutionary War, the Civil War, or World Wars I and II. But the nuclear age added dimensions that the most erudite find obscure. The problems that now face governments must be solved by experts first of all, then by the politicians. The communicators must concurrently make them intelligible to the public. That is, the commentators have to be much, much better than they were twenty-five years ago. They have to know at least something about physics, economics, sociology, and international relations. They must be a different breed from scholars, for they must have the gift of tongues.

HERE the natural field for operations is radio, not television. For one thing, it requires not only talented broadcasters but also listeners willing to think. And the size of thinking audiences is naturally relatively small. This, of course, is the main reason why television is shirking its job of keeping its public abreast of policies and events. It must have huge audiences. It assiduously measures the number of millions tuned in to a program and if there are too few the program is out. Radio, in World War II, did not charge advertisers tens of thousands of dollars per minute of network time. It could afford small audiences. The ratings of commentators were usually well below ten, that is, one-tenth of the sets operating at the time of the program. Most of them had ratings around six or below. But even a six rating, if it meant a dedicated audience and a thoughtful presentation, counted in the increase of public understanding. The size of thinking audiences is bound to be smaller than those in search of glamor and fun. This is a fact of life in the best of democracies. It is a fact

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that makes the explanation of the news unrewarding to television, so it is assigned to radio.

Unfortunately radio is not accepting the assignment. It has lost its authority and it is poorer than it used to be. And it has taken to aping television, competing with it as a news medium. Since television prospers on headline news, radio has become content with it. Since television interrupts the recital of news with commercials, radio breaks into its news reports with galling advertising. Radio is so crushed under the steamroller of television's success that it has, for the present at least, lost a sense of its peculiar capabilities. This is due in part to radio, like television, being a commercial enterprise dependent on profits. So the redemption of radio for public service must lie in finding other revenue than advertising. Both the Ford and Carnegie reports suggest other ways of raising money for public television. Public radio is as much entitled to the same consideration, and unless this is given, the American public will be deprived of one of the benefits which the electronic revolution has made available.

WHEN it comes to music, the generalization holds that the countries which finance their orchestras and operas from licenses and other levies on listeners are culturally ahead of this country. We may broadcast a greater volume of radio music, but our radio does not support the musicians who produce it, and does not program its music with wisely exercised cultural authority. Some of our fine symphony orchestras are heard weekly on radio time provided by commercial sponsors. Our FM stations pour out floods of recorded music daily. It may appear as though radio were making its proper contribution to the national culture. But this is an illusion. We have in this country more competent young instrumentalists and singers than any other country in the world, the vast majority of them unable to lead a secure musical life. Only a few of our numerous orchestras pay respectable salaries the year round. Many young artists must go abroad to gain experience as professionals.

That is to say that radio, which has the largest musical audience, is not supporting music, only broadcasting it. A little support comes from sponsors, a greater part, such as it is, from foundations and funds raised locally. All told, it is not nearly enough to give livelihoods to our musicians. Foreign radio networks that employ their own musicians do more than simply broadcast music; they direct an active, creative, well-planned musical life that has raised the cultural level and enjoyment of their countries.

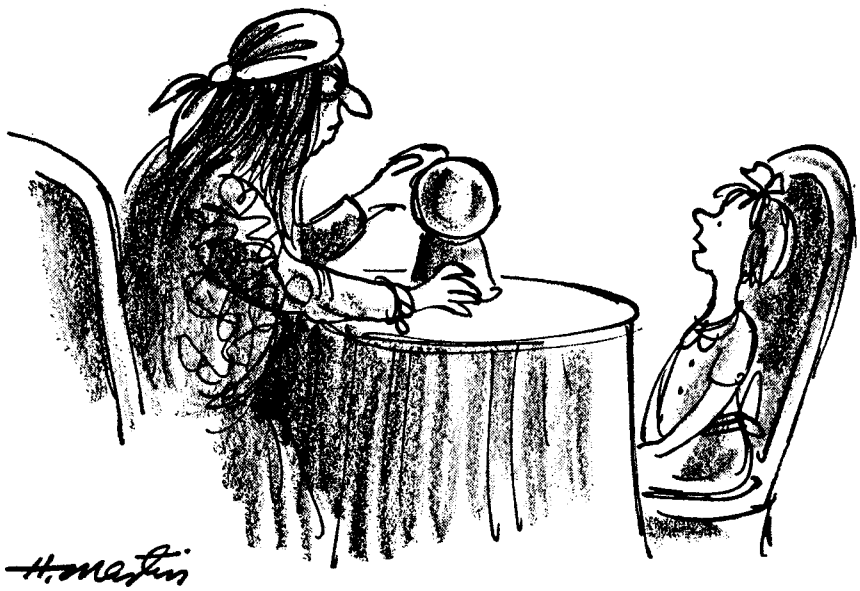
Two striking instances of this are in Britain and Japan. The BBC Orchestra is, of course, familiar to all FM listeners in this country. What is not realized is that there are, in fact, six symphony orchestras and four light orchestras supported full time by the BBC. Their activities have both deepened and extended musical appreciation for the classics; they have kept listeners abreast of modern trends. Inevitably such a powerful institution dominates the country's musical life and pretty well dictates what and who is to be heard. But the BBC has not erred on the side of nationalism. It has been intent on giving a hearing to living British composers, and has commissioned many new compositions annually. But it has alloted a remarkable amount of time to contemporary music of other countries. Several of the BBC symphony orchestras play regularly in concert halls, so that concert audiences and homes are simultaneously served. Music heard live at home may not be acoustically better than recordings, but it has an element of immediacy and participation that recordings lack. Many hundreds of thousands of homes hear these concerts, so that in the course of a year the musical direction given by the BBC becomes musical reality for a substantial portion of the nation.

THE story of NHK, the Japanese Broadcasting Corporation, is perhaps even more remarkable. It supports three excellent symphony orchestras and several light orchestras, and it has succeeded in less than a generation in giving much of the Japanese nation an understanding enjoyment of Western classical music. It has not neglected Japanese music in so doing. This broadening of the Japanese cultural outlook would have been impossible without radio and, in later years, without television. Now American conductors and soloists performing as guests in Japan come back astounded by what they have participated in. And in a profound way Japan has been changed from an isolated and seclusive region into a prospective leader of the world community now slowly being formed.

These two examples are not exceptional. Australia, with about the same population as Pennsylvania, has seven symphony orchestras supported by radio. Most of the finest orchestras in Europe today are supported full time by radio out of its levies on listeners, as are the operas.

OUR own radio is now a haphazard, scatterbrained, and demoted participant in our national life. Once upon a time NBC made us notable with its own orchestra under Arturo Toscanini, and pioneered with its own opera company under the direction of Peter Herman Adler. CBS likewise supported a symphony orchestra, as did Mutual. These were private enterprise's most gallant gifts to American musical culture. The network orchestras are no more. The exigencies of earning profits have proved to be too demanding. So now we lag far behind many countries that are poorer in all other ways than we are.

It will not be enough to finance public television out of other than advertising revenues. If we are to exercise world leadership fully we would do well to finance radio as well. Then it can study and expound world news. Then it can both produce the best music and support our musicians. This country has contributed technically and financially more than any other to bring on the electronic revolution. It is good that it is stirring itself to reap more of the benefits from it.



"Who will get paid more in 1982—computer programers or nurses?"

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THE WAR THAT NEVER WAS

By GEORGE MONTGOMERY

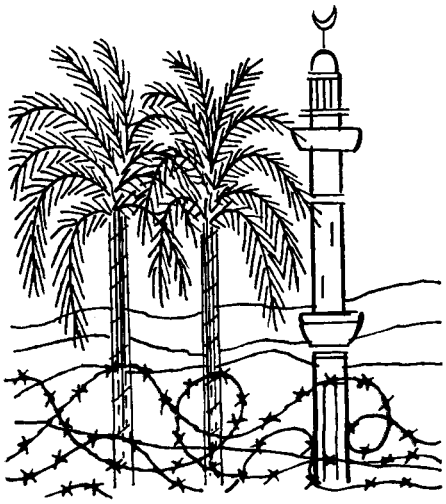
A RUSTING, green-slimed Egyptian submarine of outdated Soviet vintage slid past the Greek cruise liner *Carina* in Alexandria harbor, and one of the American correspondents leaning on the rail said with a bitter snort, "The shoe people! They may not know how to fight, but they certainly know how to frustrate."

It was about 6 on Saturday evening, June 10; 550 Americans, relieved at being aboard yet toying a little with the idea of getting torpedoed by the sloppy Egyptian pigboat once out to sea, were about to leave for Piraeus aboard the *Carina* following Cairo's diplomatic break with Washington, and the remark by the disenchanted correspondent pretty well summed up what all seventeen American correspondents felt. Never, to steal from Churchill, had so much journalistic talent written and broadcast so little, through no fault of its own. The men from the American news services, papers, networks, and magazines—men like Don Cook of the Los Angeles *Times*, who have an air of having covered every war since the Punic unpleasantness—were a wryly sheepish lot.

They knew that their professional friends and foes on the Israeli side had been happily filing copy and shipping film since the Monday before when the balloon went up. But since Wednesday morning, the American press corps in Cairo had been restricted to the capital's Nile Hotel, a slightly shabby place that had started out as an apartment house and, for some quaint reason, had a bewildering maze of corridors worthy of Pavlov. Many people had trouble finding their rooms, especially during the nighttime blackouts when all upstairs lights were turned off; many wrong doors were tapped, scratched, and pounded in the darkness, and, to make matters worse, among the sixty-five or so Americans incarcerated in the hotel, there was a dearth of complaisant surprises.

One or two correspondents with local contacts were able to phone out stories from the hotel. The local contacts—Egyptians—may or may not have had the courage to submit the stories to the censors as required, and, with "Hate America Week" in full celebration, the Egyptian communications people may or may not have thrown the dispatches in their wastepaper baskets. At this writing, one doesn't know. One does know there was nothing of any significance to be filed from the hotel. You could write about what the U.S. Embassy people most properly called the official and nonofficial Americans awaiting the evacuation heave-ho at the Nile and Nile Hilton hotels. But the locked-in correspondents had access to little other information. The big story of Egypt's rout was beyond their reach, and they felt like homespun country correspondents penning social notes from all over, or like campus reporters grabbing at the latest nothing emitted by the dean's office.

EVEN before the war (which one frustrated reporter said could easily have been fought twice a day in one corner of Disneyland), covering Cairo, to which the U.S. press was restricted, had not been exactly easy. The day before the fighting began I set out around Cairo with an Egyptian cameraman to film the city's last-minute, makeshift civil defense preparations. Windows were being painted blue for blackout purposes. The other phase of the defense effort was putting sandbags around the public buildings. We were all right when we filmed our first set of sandbags, a low line of them on the sidewalk at a Ministry of Agriculture office building. And there was very little trouble shooting the newly blued windows of a small but gamey pumping plant in the center of town.



The first arrest of the day, however, came when we attempted to film another low line of sandbags outside the Telecommunications Center building, a ratty structure about eight stories high that stands on a busy avenue along which hundreds of thousands of people pass every day. Suddenly, we were surrounded by a small band of Egyptians in plain clothes who escorted us, without ceremony, into the building and along a dirty corridor to what I took to be the chief security man's office. There was a good deal of agitation and loud talk by the Egyptians along the way, but the office was serenely quiet. The security man, who looked like a young version of Gamal Abdel Nasser, sat directly under a large, idealized photograph of Gamal Abdel Nasser. A small double take—restrained, under the circumstances—was in order, as was a compliment about the likeness of the two. The remark went over not unwell.

There was much talk in Arabic between the nervous Egyptian cameraman and the smooth security officer, while I sat around tight-lipped, trying to render gems from aplomb. As time and telephone calls dragged on, the whole affair degenerated from Police State Drama to Clerical Farce with the taking of passport and identity paper numbers, the taking of films and audio tapes, and, in pleasant exchange, the receipt of Coca-Cola and Turkish coffee from one of the security officer's minions. The security officer seemed very pleased with himself. He was most agreeable to us as we left, sadder, lighter, and not enough wiser.

The next arrest, a few hours later at Cairo International Airport, was not as agreeable. Filming half a dozen laborers filling sandbags seemed an innocent enough idea, but it was not to be. Suddenly—it always seems to be suddenly in Cairo—the taxi was surrounded by the sandbag-fillers. My Arabic is nil, but it was apparent they were in a wild state of spyomania, and they shrieked at the Egyptian cameraman, who, being just as patriotic as they were, shrieked back. This went on for about five minutes until a couple of white-uniformed airport policemen arrived, heavy with authority and baggy-pants menace.

Philosophically, what made this arrest better than the first one was the expression of one of the sandbag-fillers who followed us along to the police room of an airport building. He was a tall, thin

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man of about twenty-five with a Dick Tracy jaw and the brown eyes of most Egyptians. But unlike the normally becalmed Egyptian, his eyes were not soft. They were hard and glittering with hate for me and my Egyptian cameraman, that hapless, blundering fellow who had not realized how far along the road to paranoia Colonel G. A. Nasser had marched his compatriots. The sandbag-filler's look was, of course, a frightening one, but it had a pure, almost admirable quality for this resident of the West, where there is so much ambivalence and seeing-both-sides-of-the-question, so many ifs and ands and buts.

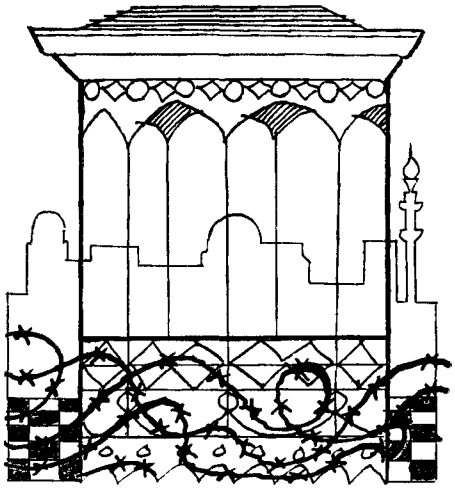
Of course, I live in England, which has become somewhat toothless and talkative, and I read worthy, fair-minded publications like *The Guardian* and *The Observer*, so perhaps I am especially vulnerable where an unadulterated emotion is concerned. Besides, as it turned out, the sandbag-filler couldn't get me done up, or in, so perhaps I am merely feeling backhandedly grateful for *his* impotence. Anyway, for me, his look was sad as well, because of the ignorance fueling it.

How could a young man who had little or no education understand my small, sidebar television story that may have gotten a spot on the air before the crisis ended with a bang or a conference? His look had a childlike quality. I had come to steal his bicycle. That was all there was to it. You had to admire his intensity, while you feared it, and pity the ignorance that can conceive of a spy operating so openly. After all, I suppose, well-Minoxed Israeli agents must have photographed the whole place long before.

This time they searched our pockets and kept all the day's films and tapes, plus the Egyptian cameraman, who paled. He chewed his fingernails as the police brass dismissed me—after coffee, of course—with a lecture about foolish cameramen bringing foolish foreigners to sensitive places at a time of popular alertness. The government information people had said nothing about the civil airport being off-limits. The Egyptian government needs to define and announce its restrictions, but it probably never will.

I did not see the cameraman again, though I kept hearing he would be coming out of jail shortly. I hope so. He seemed to believe in Gamal Abdel Nasser, and had told me earlier that Sunday, with serious delight, that Congolese Lumumbists were on their way to fight for the Arabs. Any government owes something to a citizen like that.

Before I left the airport, the sandbag-filler finally accepted my outstretched Rotarian hand. We shook. He had become polite, if not appeased. God may not be love, but men can't stay boiling



angry forever, at least not at one other man. This seems very true of Egyptians. That day, and on the ones to come, I felt that they are a people who are emotionally immature, insecure, full of all the inferiority feelings of the "underdeveloped" toward Westerners, friendly and inimical by turns, comically likable, hard to take seriously—except in those moments when their quick anger gets out of hand and they mob together to burn, beat, and kill. But they are overburdened with hatred of Israel and their feeling of injustice over the Palestinian refugees.

An attractive, educated young Egyptian woman told me, "I lived in Western Germany for six months or so. The Jews have come back there, and they control everything—especially the press. The Jews are so powerful that when a German business friend of my husband's wanted to talk about them, he shut the door of the room, so nobody could overhear him. The Germans are afraid of the Jews, the Zionists." It seemed pointless to remind her of the Federal Republic's laws against anti-Semitic remarks.

This conversation was on the second day of the war, and, thanks to foreign broadcasts, the pattern was becoming clear. I observed that perhaps the Arabs and the Americans were in the same situation: Both had to learn to coexist with the thing they disliked and yet could not destroy—Israel and the varieties of Communism, respectively.

"Never, never," she replied. "I have seen the Arab refugee camps. It is pitiful."

"The Jews were in camps, too, once."

"You Westerners; you appease your consciences about the Jews with Arab land. Why didn't you settle the Jews in Arizona?"

A few minutes later she was apologizing, hoping she had not offended me. Then, tears in her eyes, she was telling me that the story about the United States and Britain flying for Israel was true. "I have relatives high up in the Air Force. They've told me all about it. They saw it on the radar." Someone else had told me that on the war's first morning the Egyptian radar—at Luxor, at least—even if operating properly, was turned off. The officers were having their coffee.

"Here," said a pro-Arab Western diplomat sadly, "words are everything. They become the reality. To say something is so makes it so." He seemed shaken. Academically, he had known this all along. But he had not realized it until the Israelis had shot up the planes and had shot down the words and the dreams.

It is easy for a Westerner to identify with the Israelis, who make their deserts bloom, who have done more with their land in twenty years than the Arabs have done with theirs in twenty centuries. The Israelis accomplish; the Arabs talk and dream and scream. Can one both admire the Israelis and pity the Arab masses—misled into unrealistic hate by the Nassers—and be heartily glad the Arabs lost and didn't get a chance to massacre all the Jews? I think so. But still, for the achievement-oriented Westerner, contempt—perhaps good-natured contempt—comes a lot easier than pity at this time of Arab defeat, when the grandiloquence commanded no divisions.

The Egyptian temporary foreign press "information" center, set up under the Ministry of National Guidance (the certain hallmark of a regime going nowhere for its people) in Cairo's Radio-Television Center, was a noisy shambles from the start. Arab martial music blared continually from radios strewn around the room and from loudspeakers on the outside walls of the building. Communiqués were written out singly and by hand in English—with planes spelled "pleins"—and posted on a bulletin board. Foreign journalists crowded around the bulletin board, craning their necks to read the only copy of the latest lie and occasionally shaking their heads over its odd English. It was all incredibly amateurish and badly organized. The mythical Kingdom of Graustark had gone to war, with barrage after barrage of *opéra bouffe;* but it was also a sinister comedy with a faint scent of blood as the street crowds warmed to the Anglo-American collusion story.

On the first day of war, before things really fell apart, you were supposed to get a government information officer to accompany you if you wished to film people celebrating the "victories" out in the streets. I talked to a top official and was assigned such an officer, who promptly refused to accompany me out onto the streets. "Do your interviewing up here," I was told. The interviewable people "up here" in the second floor

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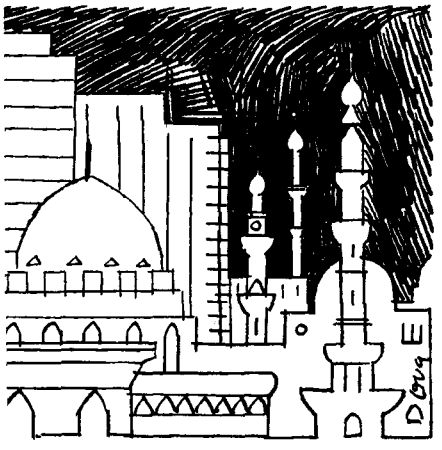
press center were government information people.

On that first day, cameras and films were seized. Reporters were harassed almost constantly, as though a crowd in the road was some kind of military secret unfit for foreign eyes. One American television correspondent was bashed by some Egyptian thugs. Censorship was imposed—only the censor was located a couple of miles away from the press center in the Telecommunications building. When I got there by car with some copy, after being stopped a dozen times by self-appointed air raid wardens (every Egyptian street idler seemed to have a watchdog post of some sort), a gang of men at the gate barred the way to the censor inside the building. Despite entreaty after entreaty, I couldn't enter. There was a raid on, they said—though where the Israeli planes were, no one knew. I was told, "Come back at 7 in the morning." Later, correspondents talked about whether this kind of thing was by design or accident. The latter may have been the case, at least regarding the censor, who was established at the foreign press center a day or two later and let quite a lot of material go out.

But he arrived too late for the American correspondents. By Wednesday morning we had been ordered out of Egypt "immediately" (a stretchable, interminable word in Cairo) and had been shifted in a body from the Americanized Nile Hilton to the simple Nile Hotel.

AT the Nile Hotel, the correspondents kept themselves reasonably sane swapping rumors and listening to the overseas service of the BBC. The transfer from the Hilton to the Nile was discussed frequently. I belonged to the camp which felt that since our second hotel was smaller, with far fewer exits, it made the job of keeping correspondents penned up much easier for the Egyptian security police.

The correspondents and other Americans at the Nile Hotel were, as the communiqués have it, treated correctly.



There was room service. There were drinks. There were servants who could be jolly-bullied into giving you a candle to guide your way back to your room after they'd turned off all the upstairs lights for the night.

On Friday evening, Nasser made his resignation speech, a piece of pure domestic science in which one's secretly adulterous good lady announces she's burned the carrots and is getting out of your life for good. He beat his critics to the punch and set Cairo wild. The American and British consulates in Alexandria already had been sacked. Stories were coming into the hotel about Americans who had been beaten up, kicked, and spat upon.

The U.S. Embassy is near the Nile Hotel, and that night, after Nasser's television performance, we heard mobs chanting and shouting not far away. Would they attack the embassy and then the hotel? The hotel was ringed by ragged riot police. Would they hold back a rampaging mob of their own countrymen trying to get the imperialists as capably as the Egyptian Army had held back the Israelis? One or two newsmen heard the thud of percussion grenades near the hotel and one short burst of machinegun fire, presumably fired over a crowd's head to break it up.

The hotel staff turned jittery and surly. Dinner stopped in midstream. People gathered in the lobby, not allowed to go upstairs. Egyptian security police and some hotel executives gathered around a radio in an office, mourning their brothers and sons in Sinai and, quite obviously, hating us. Finally, they let us go to bed. We were supposed to leave by dawn the next morning. But at 1 a.m. the hotel staff roused their guests, most of whom hadn't been sleeping very soundly anyway. Now we were leaving in darkness, a smart move to beat the mobs. If the Egyptians were as good at fighting as they are at police work, the Arabs might have had their rendezvous in Tel Aviv.

We stood outside the hotel on the sidewalk, in the darkness of the blacked-out city. It was quiet. Up came cars for the old people and covered trucks with small porthole-style windows for the rest of us. Women and children went first, of course. We drove to the railroad station, peering out through our portholes. I saw no angry crowds, though some other Americans did. Our special train got away for Alexandria. We slept. The sun came up.

In Alexandria, we rolled past 150 demonstrators lining the tracks. Some of the demonstrators waved their shoes at us—the ultimate Egyptian insult. Nobody with me knew just why waving a shoe is so terrible. I suspect it's because of the dung one can pick up on one's shoes. Anyway, that's how, for some of us, the citizenry of our former host country came to be known as "the shoe people."

Finally, after the better part of a day without proper food and drink, plus a wave of seizures of film and currency by piratical customs men, we found ourselves downstairs in the Alexandria marine terminal waiting to get on the *Carina*. There was John Calhoun, the American Express manager in Cairo, a Southerner and an amusing tower of strength and leadership throughout the whole episode. "Where the hell do we go now, John?" someone asked.

"See those blue doors? Well, when we get the OK, we'll go through them, those blue doors. And do you know what's going to be on the other side of those blue doors? I'll tell you. On the other side of those blue doors, there's going to be a sign saying . . . NILE HOTEL!" Calhoun began to laugh and laugh, shrilly, approaching hysteria. And why not? Only, being the man he is, he didn't make it. The laugh died away and he was off helping somebody else.

So, the *Carina* finally wallowed out of Alexandria harbor with her thankful Americans eyeing that submarine. One evacuee was an oil worker from Ohio; his face was a mess of black eyes, cuts, and bruises which had been administered, he said, at the Nile Hilton by about ten Egyptians who turned on him when he went to the rescue of an Englishman they were beating up for displaying a lighted cigarette upstairs during a blackout. The Egyptians said they thought the Englishman was trying to signal enemy planes with the cigarette. My own suspicion is they just wanted to beat up somebody.

What had we experienced? For us, it was the war that never was: a few puffs of ack-ack smoke in the sky around Cairo; some distant explosions; the glint of a high-flying, far-off plane or two; several air raid alerts that produced no action near at hand except for Hilton chambermaids hysterically shrieking at us to descend through the blacked-out hotel to the basement garage "shelter," where the full weight of the hotel could have dropped down on us with one hit.

The *Carina*'s first long chow line formed; in it were two American oil men who had been working in Egypt. All around them the correspondents, the diplomats, the businessmen, the tourists, the missionaries, the embassy secretaries talked excitedly about the meaning of it all. The two oil men said nothing for a long time. Then one had a thought.

"J.B., know what I'm gonna do when we get back there?"

"What?"

"I'm gonna paint that damn pick-up truck black."

Somebody, at least, had a plan for future action in the Middle East.

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LENS ON THE LOCKS

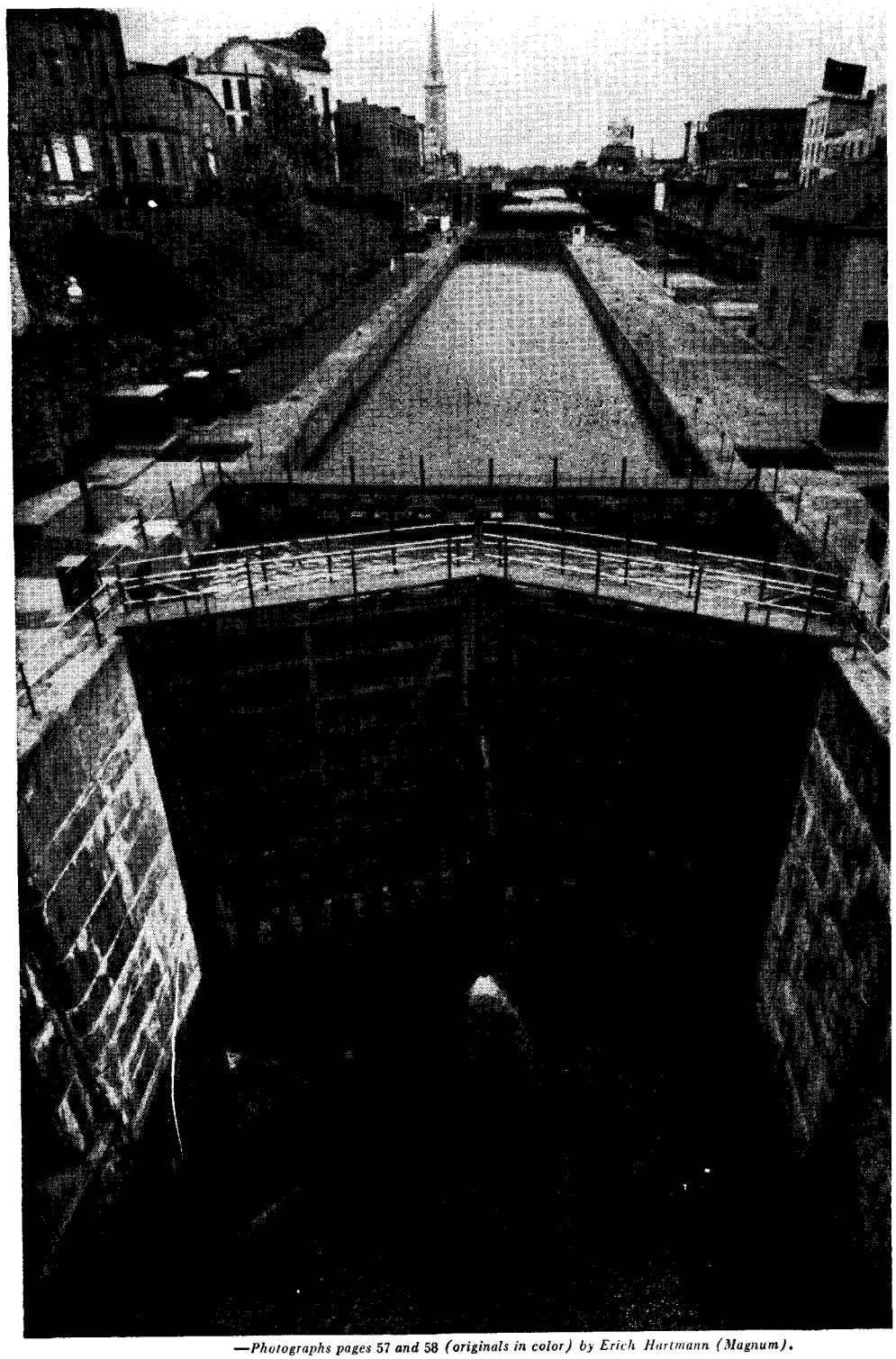
By MARGARET R. WEISS

WHEN THE New York State Council on the Arts announced that its Erie Canal Sesquicentennial exhibition would be launched this summer, it was not using the verb figuratively. To dramatize the Canal's role in shaping the cultural and economic life of the Empire State, Allon Schoener, the Council's visual arts director, staffed a twin-decked quarters boat with a captain and a crew of three, filled it from stem to stern with a spirited audio-visual show, and sent it cruising to thirty canal communities from Albany to Buffalo.

With about half of the 931-mile voyage already logged, *The Erie Maid* easily classifies as see-worthy. Relying heavily on the work of photographers to tell its sesquicentennial story, the "showboat" carries a full cargo of proof that the camera is a durable chronicler of the passing scene and a dependable eyewitness to the flow of history. The Canal Society of New York State's archives, as well as those of the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences, the George Eastman House, and various historical associations were among those tapped for early photographic documents depicting the operation of the waterway and the daily life associated with its commerce.

As programed by Mr. Schoener, "the top deck features—along with early nineteenth-century broadsides, political cartoons, scale models of boats, and a working scale model of a lock—an audio-visual tour based on an actual traveler's journal of 1831, and about 100 photographs dating from 1870 to 1920. The lower deck presents another fifty photographs picturing canalers from the turn of the century to 1950, technical inventions inspired by the Erie's construction, the building of the New York State Barge Canal System, and a color-slide trip mirroring the communities on the Erie route today."

To Erich Hartmann, whose camera credits range from industrial coverage of flour mills and Ford Motors to color portfolios for *Fortune*'s editorial pages, went the assignment of documenting the contemporary scene along the Canal. "For me," he reports, "it was a 'sentimental journey'—though I never expect-



—Photographs pages 57 and 58 (originals in color) by Erich Hartmann (Magnum).

Center gate at Lockport.

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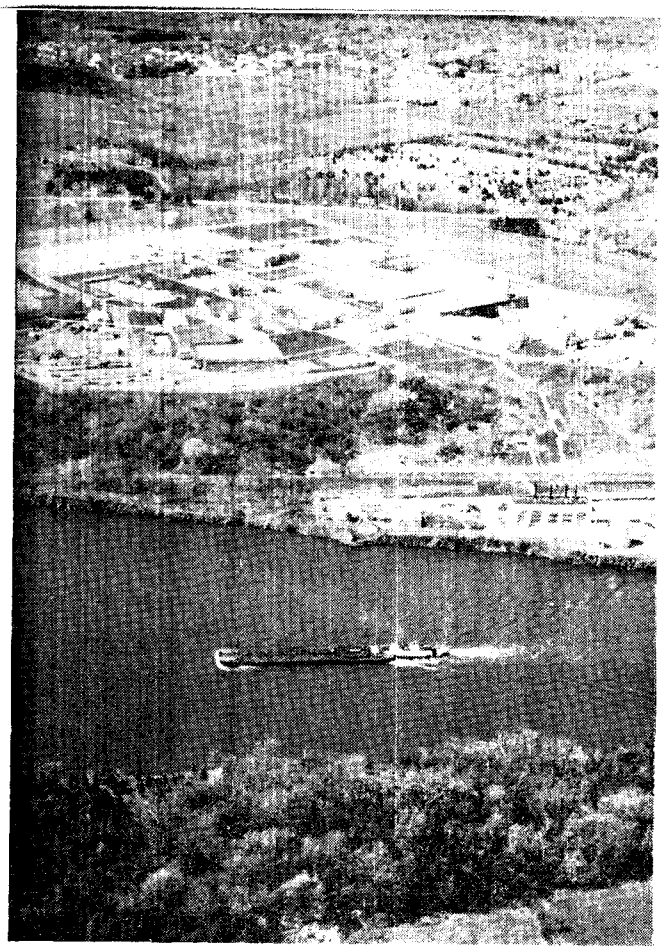
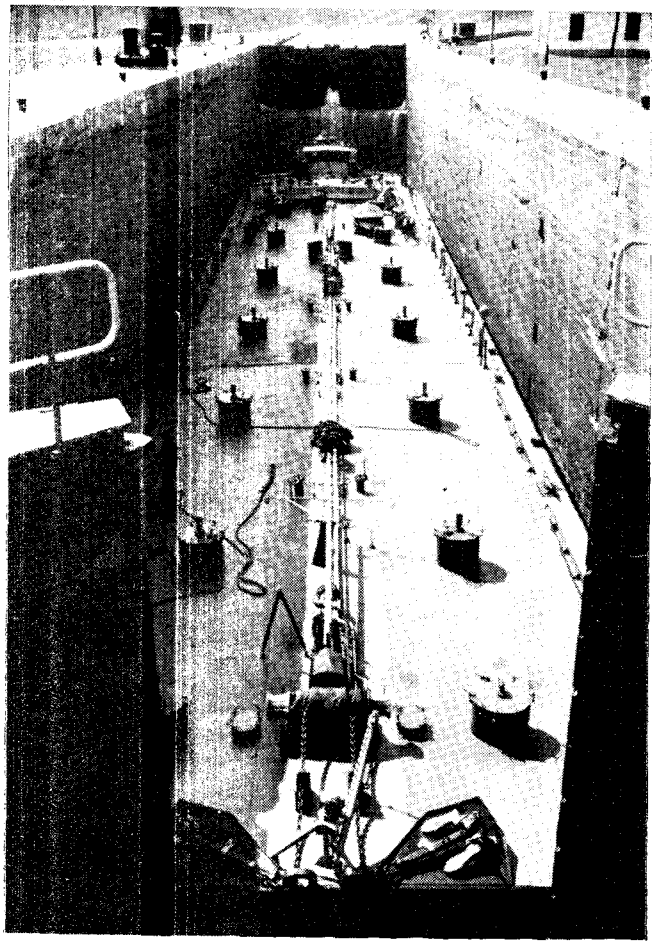


Barge passes GE's Knoll Atomic Laboratory, Schenectady.



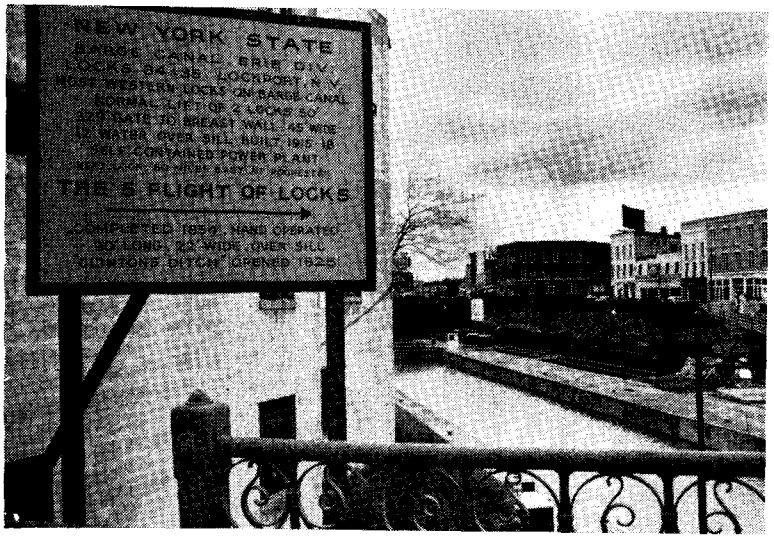
A snug fit into Lock 6, near Waterford.

ed to be making it by Amphicar! Years ago I spent some time in Albany and came to know many of the neighboring canal communities quite well. Water and the life connected with it are subjects I've always found appealing. A St. Lawrence Seaway color story and the visual evocation of Rachel Carson's *The Edge of the Sea* are two other assignments that I recall with similar pleasure."

That last word characterizes the feelings of those responsible for the project. Allon Schoener's special satisfaction comes from having created "a prototype in interpretive communications which involves a new scale and new techniques. It's a show that is both educational and entertaining, and by the end of summer about 100,000 visitors will have come aboard to see it."

THE Council is gratified not only by audience response but by the number of correlated events the floating exhibit has precipitated locally—everything from drum and bugle corps parades and firemen's field days to fireworks and "Jazz on the Bayous of the Mohawk." Such local participation may be a lever for the Council's larger aim: the furtherance of community programs that broaden public knowledge and appreciation of the arts. As Executive Director John B. Hightower sees it, "*The Erie Maid* has been instrumental in making people throughout the canal area aware of the opportunities offered by the Council to help them start new arts programs or expand existing ones."

Clearly, the lens-on-the-locks is communicating local history with a broader perspective in view.



Sign language blends statistics and history.

Tug and pleasure boat encounters are now frequent.

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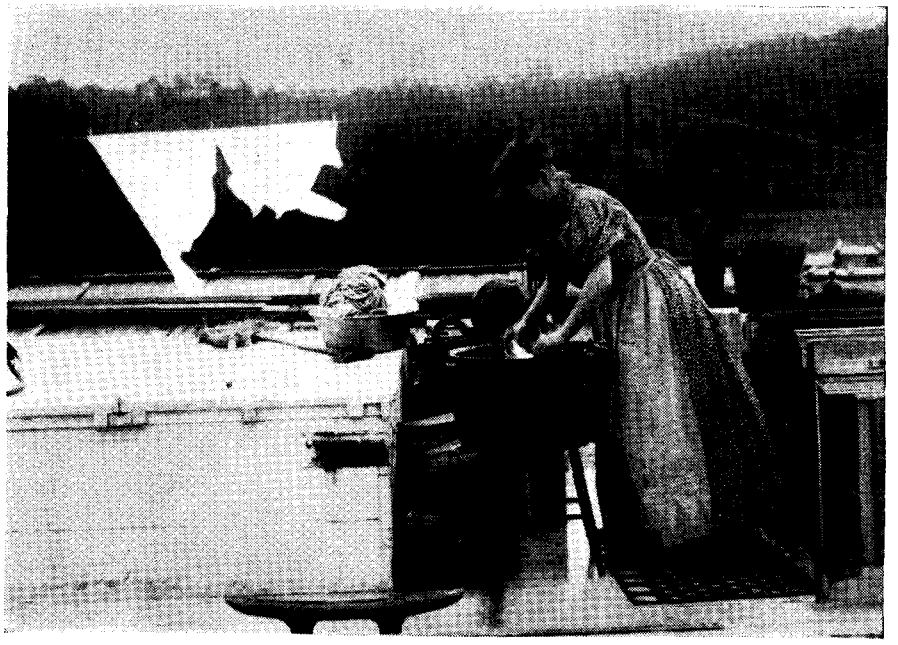
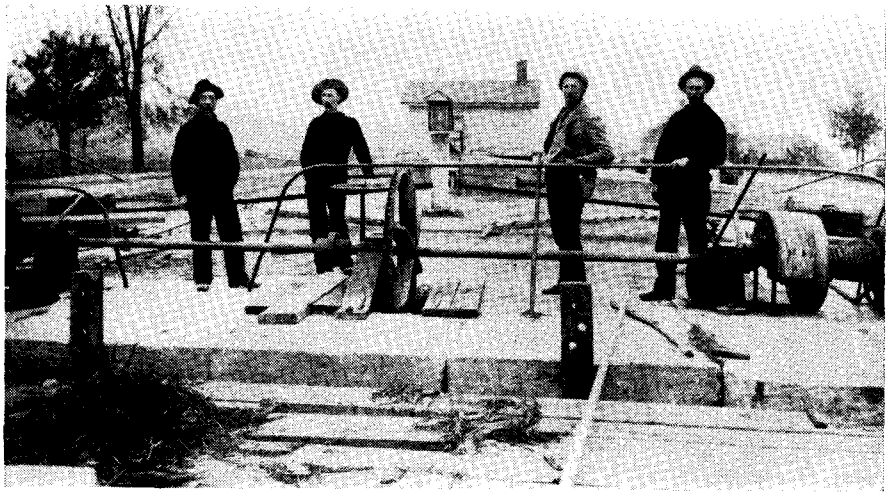


—*Pictures on this page, courtesy Canal Society of New York State.*

Housekeeping afloat at the turn of the century.



Old canalers worked "six hours on and six hours off."

Canal break disaster at Onondaga Creek, Syracuse, 1907.

Letters

Continued from page 50

research, the respondents were asked this question. He found that newspapers were a favored source of product information for those who were planning to go out and buy a particular appliance. TV rated low.

One can ask the question: Do professional researching organizations really want to resolve these questions? Maybe they are a little like the politician who builds a road across the country on motherhood, the flag, and God—more backers can follow this road than the more difficult path on which real issues are clarified and examined.

DOUGLAS SCHEWE.

Madison, Wis.

Dunkirk, New York

I WAS INTERESTED in R.L.T.'s editorial, "How Much Do They Really Understand?" [*SR*, May 13], and the reply to it by Ray Stephens of AP in New York [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, June 10].

Perhaps a valid explanation for fifty-two persons identifying "Dunkirk" as a town in New England is that an actual town by that name does exist in New York State, although it is on the south shore of Lake Erie about 40 miles from Buffalo. Even during the last war, when the actual retreat from Dunkirk (France) was underway, there were some people living in Ontario who believed that the evacuation taking place was of the British Army from Dunkirk, New York. Presumably these were people who had little idea of the war's events until a familiar-sounding name cropped up in the news reports.

Furthermore, changing times often profoundly affect the meanings people place on words. With the current Vietnam attitude in the United States, if a Canadian war hero were to visit the United States and sign his name "John Doe, V.C." instead of recognizing this as "John Doe, Victoria Cross" (the Victoria Cross is Great Britain's highest military award), the majority of Americans would likely assume it meant "John Doe, Vietcong."

TED RUSHTON.

Albuquerque, N.M.

Along Madison Avenue

GEORGE LAZARUS'S COLUMN on the role of packaging in marketing, "Best-Dressed Packages Go Out Most Often" [MADISON AVENUE, June 10], was a bell-ringer. It was crisp, concise, and informative, and I hope we'll be hearing more from Lazarus.

STANTON G. MOCKLER.

Detroit, Mich.

I'VE JUST FINISHED reading George Lazarus's column, "Agency Love — On The Rocks?" [MADISON AVENUE, May 13]. It is an extremely perceptive piece of writing. Specifically, Mr. Lazarus's observations on the conflict of interests, new products, and agency profits were right on target in my opinion. I hope that I will encounter more from him in future issues.

W. J. BIENEMANN,
Tatham-Laird & Kudner, Inc.

Chicago, Ill.

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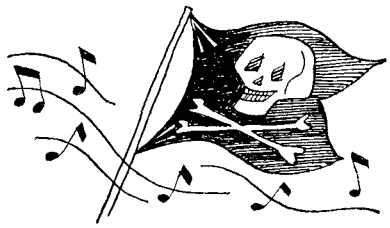
BRITAIN'S TROUBLED AIR



By JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

ONLY THE WAR in the Middle East has rated larger headlines in the London press this summer than the government's sudden reshuffling of television companies in June, followed by further moves to change the shape of radio broadcasting. No one seems entirely happy about the result, and, to some observers at least, there is cause for alarm about the present state of British TV-radio transmission.

Most Americans would find what has happened incomprehensible. We are accustomed to a government control of broadcasting which the private entrepreneurs may find irksome, but which is mild indeed by comparison with the situation anywhere else in the world. Here the Television Act of 1958 set up a system of fifteen regional commercial companies, operating in addition to the noncommercial BBC-1 (VHF) and BBC-2 (UHF), and gave them six-year franchises, at the end of which time the government would decide about renewing them.

Last December the chairman of the Independent Television Authority, which controls the franchises for the government, announced that there would be a new contract structure for commercial television soon, but few were prepared for the outsized bombshell Lord Hill dropped six months later. Without going into the extremely complicated structure of the regional companies, it is only necessary to say that there was high-pressure bidding from powerful figures for the new franchise contracts, both from their incumbent holders and from businessmen attracted by profits which are considered "really fantastic."

When Lord Hill announced ITA's decisions, they elicited headline type usually reserved for wars and other disasters. There was a relatively minor casualty: Lord Thomson's holdings in Scottish Television, which he had created, were cut to 25 per cent, which did not, at least publicly, perturb the ordinarily imperturbable press lord. But the headline-making action was the decision about Welsh television, known as TWW, which was simply put out of business by ITA fiat, although it had made about $2,000,000 clear profit the year before. The principal shareholders in this company were the world's largest newspaper, the *News of the World*; the Imperial Tobacco Company; the Liverpool *Daily Post* and Lord Derby.

The successful bidders against the Welsh company (which had no local roots but maintained its head office in London) was a new organization known as the Harlech Consortium, after its chairman, Lord Harlech. This was the brainchild of Wynford Vaughn-Thomas, a well-known Welsh broadcaster, and John Morgan, a left-wing journalist and television reporter. The company they formed and promoted based its appeal on "artistic creativity" and Welsh origin. Richard Burton and another film star, Stanley Baker, were added to the group, along with an opera singer, Geraint Evans. That took care of the creativity. For money, the entrepreneurs went to an already existing consortium in Bristol, headed by Walter Hawkins, owner of the Bristol *Evening Post*, which had been hoping and planning to get into commercial television. With this formidable combination of talents, Harlech bid for and won the Welsh franchise, to the outrage of TWW, whose protests got nowhere.

That was not the end of it. Lord Hill also announced the creation of two new companies, the London TV Consortium and the Yorkshire Television Network. The London group had begun with the alliance of David Frost, the noted television personality, and Michael Peacock, controller of BBC-1. They added an M. P., Aidan Crawley—who was also an old television hand—and various bankers, businessmen, financiers, and such respectable institutions among the stockholders as Magdalen College, University College, London, and the *Telegraph*, *Observer*, *Spectator*, and *New Statesman*.

THE Yorkshire group was a personal triumph for a brand new television tycoon named John Cyril Wilkinson, chairman of Telefusion, Ltd., a chain of television rental shops in Blackpool. Wilkinson, sixty-one, began his career at thirteen selling radio sets before the advent of regular broadcasting. For such a natural salesman, organization was easy. He had the powerful help of the Yorkshire *Post* group of newspapers, and some assorted Yorkshire industries.

When the smoke had cleared a little, everyone was ready to agree with the *Observer* that Lord Hill's grand redistribution of television profits was unique, and that nothing like it had been seen since the dissolution of the monasteries. There was also an outpouring of criticism, recrimination, and general complaint. Probably the most vehement cry of outrage came from Bernard Hollowood who, in *Punch*, called the whole thing "a vast swindle." Hollowood described the profits of the fifteen regional companies as "indecent" and the shareholders of the three new companies as profiteers. The *Times Business News*, in a lengthy, detailed analysis worthy of its namesake in New York, estimated that the earnings on ordinary shares held by the new contractors would run from 50 to 70 per cent, or more than three times the usual commercial return on an investment.

When the companies are sold to the public, the *Times* estimated, the London group could expect a profit of more than 250 per cent; Yorkshire would make 150 per cent and Wales 100 per cent. Calling the whole thing "a scandal," the *Times* demanded editorially that it be stopped by the government, and the "wild fortunes" forestalled. The *Guardian*, also severely disapproving, recalled the truth of Lord Thomson's observation, often quoted, that a television franchise in Britain is a license to print money, but suggested that it also ought to be a license to "produce good original television."

The new companies will begin operating in January. Meanwhile the government seems in no mood to curb them. In fact, this summer it is occupied (when it isn't grappling with homosexuality, abortion, and transportation) in doing something about radio. Again, the results are not being greeted with unreserved enthusiasm.

What has attracted most attention is the Marine and Broadcasting Offenses Bill, which goes into effect on August 15th and makes it illegal for a British citizen to work for the several pirate radio stations which have been operating from ships and other strongholds off the British coast, distributing a continuous flow of pop music to the part of Britain's population that swings.

Five of these pirates expect to go off the air without more than a verbal struggle. Radio London, the second largest, will probably defy the law but doesn't say how it means to do so. The real holdout is Radio Caroline, first and largest of the pirates, which is openly defiant. This is hardly surprising, considering that its operator is a no-nonsense Irishman named Ronan O'Rahilly, who commands a staff of Canadians, Austral-

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ians, and other Irishmen. O'Rahilly plans to take his case to the Court of Human Rights, but meanwhile he is shifting his shore operations from London to Amsterdam, from which Radio Caroline, operating from two ships, will get its records, tapes, equipment, and food. Advertising is another matter. Sixty to 70 per cent of it comes from Britain now, but the new Amsterdam office hopes to get Continental accounts to replace it and possibly some business from the Japanese, who are making a sales push in Britain.

The government's answer to the obvious demand for pop music which the pirate stations symbolize is to start its own pop programing on BBC, beginning in November when a new national pop station, Radio 247, goes on the air with the kind of music which fills so much of the American air. This is part of a larger pilot project to establish local radio stations in nine areas of Britain, to be financed jointly by local councils and the government, and to be operated by the BBC.

This essentially modest proposal is already in trouble. Manchester's council has refused to vote any money for the project, and so is probably eliminated. Leeds has provided the money but will not be on the air until next May. Durham County will be broadcasting about the same time, but it has not yet guaranteed any cash. The financing of all the new stations is in a state of considerable uncertainty, largely because it is not known what the local councils will do, but no one doubts that the BBC, with a full share of serious financial problems at home, will have to pay part of the overhead, after spending $100,000 or so to set up each station.

Sheffield, Merseyside, and Leicester, however, will be opening in November this year, with Stoke, Nottingham, and Brighton following in January. All eight, when Leeds and Durham join in, are required to produce only four hours a day of local programs; for the other fourteen hours on the air they can take whatever they like from the BBC's national programs, and most people think they will take much of it from Radio 247. They swing outside London, too.

This scheme is the offspring of the government's Postmaster General, Edward Short, who controls radio broadcasting. At the end of a year he will evaluate what the eight local stations have done and decide whether commercial radio could do it better. The commercial interests are more than ready to try. They have a grand plan to set up a network of 276 stations in Britain, but Mr. Short has placed a large and heavy hand on them. They have not been permitted to run their own experiment, or even to argue their case on any of the BBC's various discussion programs, and they are also alarmed by Short's hint that if noncommercial broadcasting in the provinces is a failure, he might think about permitting advertising on publicly owned stations.

By American standards, British radio broadcasting is in a primitive condition. FM stereo, now commonplace in the States, is limited to a few hours a week on the BBC Third and is regarded as still experimental. The outpouring of serious music in America on the "good music" FM stations, although it is a minority enterprise, is a vast flood compared to the thin trickle on the Third and Home programs here. To hear such music all day long and into the night on one station, let alone many, is unknown in Britain. News broadcasting nowhere near approaches American enterprise. Even the Light Program can hardly be compared with the best of the "wall-to-wall" broadcasters in America.

What the BBC does do superlatively well is drama and good conversation about intellectual subjects. Its general level of literacy and intellectualism, like so much else in British life, is far above America's. And, of course, there is the blessed, unbelievable relief from commercials. This simple elimination of what follows "And now . . ." in America is no small contribution to the quality of human life, even though the commercial silence is also a guarantee that the listener is not going to hear the abundance of good things that money can buy on the other side of the Atlantic.

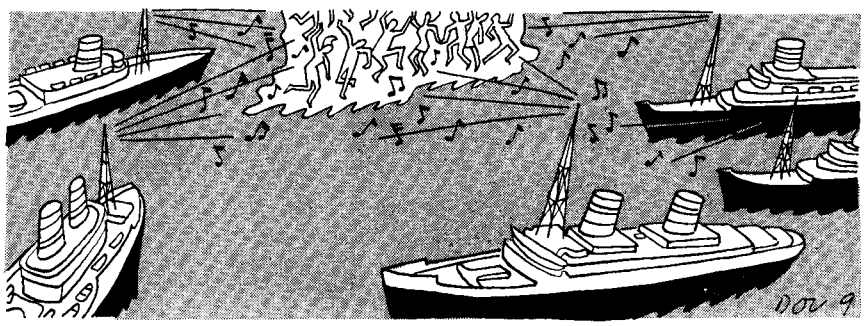
The relief from commercials is greater on television. Even commercial television in Britain spares its viewers the constant, maddening interruptions that make sports broadcasts and movies seem like spasmodic injections of entertainment between bursts of hard selling. In Britain they are actually arguing about whether to have a single commercial break in the ITA news, something that is not done now.

But again, the sheer pleasure of seeing movies, sports events, and plays without interruption for salesmanship is somewhat balanced by the fact that British television fare, like radio, is limited by the lack of large sums of advertising money, and even when it is available—as it is for ITA—the programing often seems amateurish, somehow unpolished. British viewers are frustrated by the fact that while BBC-1 can be received by almost anybody, BBC-2, which often has better programs, is not available without an outdoor antenna or a cable connection, and these are not always possible in London. Color has just come in this summer (Wimbledon was the first broadcast) and is still an infant.

BRITISH television is distinguished mostly by the "in-depth" quality of its news shows, its excellent documentaries, its frequently splendid dramatic productions ("The Forsyte Saga" series, just ended, was an example), and for those who like it, its extraordinarily comprehensive sports coverage. About 15 per cent of total air time (only 10 per cent on the BBC) is taken up with the popular American shows. For the rest, it must be said again that a certain literacy and wit enliven even the worst of the home-produced efforts.

The difference between the British and American ways of doing things on television can be best illustrated, perhaps, by a small incident on a BBC news show the other night. There sat the handsome announcer at his desk, reading the news briskly, exactly like his American counterpart, occasionally switching to film clips illustrating the day's events. Abruptly, as often happens in America, the film was not ready to come in on cue. Instead of passing over it smoothly and going on at once, however, the British announcer reached beneath his desk and picked up a telephone. In full view of the audience he carried on a brief colloquy with the control room. "Well, when *can* you get it on," he snapped at last, evidently out of patience. "All right," he muttered to the response, and hung up. "They'll have it right as soon as possible," he remarked, and went on reading. But nothing that happened afterward could have been so fascinating for one American viewer enthralled by this scene.

There was an endearing quality about the episode. The British system may have its troubles and inadequacies, but it *is* harder to cuddle up to sheer efficiency.



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ALL IN THE FAMILY

By WILSON SULLIVAN

THE TIDY LITTLE WORLD of the corporate house publication is one of extremes. At its summit is IBM's *Think*, a slick magazine of general professional interest, at least topically independent of IBM's more obvious immediate interests. Well down in the valley are the bromidic, often amateurish internal house organs, primed to report scoops on interoffice betrothals, prowess in sales, and the fortunes of company bowling.

No house publication, of course, is offered to the world as an exercise in unsullied philanthropy. Even *Think* concedes that it is published "to interest those people who utilize IBM's products and services." Nevertheless, explains Robert J. Siegel, IBM's manager of corporate information activities, "we hope that, at the same time, we are demonstrating IBM's interest in . . . providing a forum for subjects such as science, education, business management, and technology." And most certainly the forum is there, offered to *Think*'s primary audience of managerial leadership (circulation over 150,000). It is a neat package of fact and commentary: Herman Kahn on the twenty-first century, Peter Drucker on effective team-staffing, and pages of contemplative quotes from Tacitus to Dorothy Parker.

Chatty house organs, on the other extreme, make little pretense at grandeur. Some are ambitious. "The objective of TWA's *Skyliner*," its editor declares, "is to sell TWA . . . . more passengers in the seats, more cargo in the holds, finer service, greater efficiency, and a higher profit." Actually, *Skyliner* typifies the national house organ, a morale-boosting courier of corporate goodwill, dutifully reporting new schedules and plans for expansion, noting births in the family, headlining pretty hostesses winning their wings and the use of company services by VIPs.

Most house organ editors frankly recognize the intramural limits of their assignment, and within these limits seek maximum briskness and cheer. "We try not to be corny," says Ruth McKown of *Newsweek*'s home flyer, *N/w*, in which reporters are photographed at the scenes of crisis and magazine titans are shown discoursing amiably at a convention cocktail party. The *CBS Newsletter* reports correspondents' scoops or celebrates their awards, foretells network specials, exults over favorable Nielsen ratings, and provides President Frank Stanton with a full-page pulpit. Jim Delay, CBS editorial director of corporate information, puts it this way: "I guess the basic idea is to show people who work at CBS that the company is involved in a lot of exciting projects and that, so long as they have to work, it's fun to work at CBS."

Editor Ruth Adler of *The New York Times*'s publication, *Times Talk*, reports a more serious purpose: "to give *Times* employees a feeling of pride in the *Times* and to acquaint a far-flung, diversified staff with the newspaper's activities . . . and with each other," adding, "We shy from making it a sounding board for either management or unions." *Times Talk* is several cuts above its cousins. The personal experiences of Eric Pace in Cairo during the Mideast crisis, or the *Times*'s exhaustive coverage (already in progress) of the Soviet Union's 50th anniversary, for example, are of intrinsic and general interest.

If *Think* and the limited internal house organs embody the extremes of corporate publications, they by no means typify big-company publishing efforts. Many of the major corporations issue slick, four-color magazines, classified in the argot of the trade as "external-internal," which is to say serving both a private and a public interest. Eastman Kodak, for example, has a primary and natural interest in selling film. But its corporate magazine, *Applied Photography*, which publishes continuing visual instruction in the use of the camera, is a thing of pictorial splendor. It subserves Kodak profits, but it also adds to the world's sum of color and beauty. Similarly, if Standard Oil's *The Lamp* publishes puffs promoting its own motor hotels in Europe, its refineries in Sicily, and its natural antipathy to the electric automobile, it also publishes such articles as its extremely informative in-depth study of centennial Canada in this year's spring issue. And Standard's Chairman of the Board Michael L. Haider's recent editorials on air pollution and "How Developing Nations Can Attract More Capital" are models of responsibility and social awareness.

ALL major "external-internal" publications—among twenty-five queried—publish news of employees present and retired, carefully recording changes in management, employee promotions, anniversaries, meritorious service, quotas met or exceeded, salesmen-of-the-month,

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corporate sports, even blood donations. Some firms minimize such data, confining them to the back pages of the slick national magazine. Others publish special regional newspapers to supplement their national message. Shell, for example, publishes thirteen field newspapers reporting in detail on local company activities, with heavy pictorial support. *Sinclair Views*, the firm's national magazine, is mailed to all active and retired Sinclair personnel. "Each copy of *Sinclair Views*," says Public Relations Director Bruce Quayle, "also carries an insert which has personnel and other news of the individual employee's department or subsidiary company."

MANY of the corporate publications queried publish some articles of general interest not obviously related to the company ledger. *GM World*, for example, recently closed in on the Swedish crayfish from the catch to the table. General Electric's *Monogram* featured a preview of the (presumably entirely electric) kitchen of the future, complete with a house-wide radar network to keep tabs on the children. Metropolitan Life's *Metropolitan* magazine featured a recent article on Expo 67. But most of the "external-internal" articles hew to the corporate line. A *Go With Greyhound* article on skiing this past season was certainly as concerned with recording the high joys and safety of bus travel as with hailing the slalom. And AT&T, in its national magazine, *195* (named for its address on Broadway), makes no bones about boosting its stock in describing its crucial role at the Glassboro summit, its daily efforts at the stock exchange, or its pride in installing the nation's 100-millionth telephone last May, with the genial and photographed approval of President Johnson. Indeed, most corporate articles unabashedly honor a firm's new products, techniques, and interests, or its role in some vital national program, like GE's pivotal role in the space race.

A few corporate publications, however, have attempted to break at least partially away from this almost exclusively self-serving formula. Now sixty years old, the pocket-sized *Ford Times*, for example, solicits free-lance contributions on travel topics from an Iowa rodeo to a nostalgic luncheon at the Olde Grist Mill in Kennebunkport, Maine. Pitching its articles to "young suburban parents and youthful drivers," *Ford Times* makes heavy use of water colors and "bright, lively pictures showing people in happy circumstances." It gets more mileage, however, in candid house articles, saluting the Falcon as a little limousine or the exploits of Ford at LeMans. Its striking sister publication, *The Continental Magazine* (named for the car), synthesizes predictable color picture stories on the virtues of the Lincoln with sumptuously illustrated articles on Montreal and New England antique emporia, and dissertations by Cleveland Amory on such topics as "The Perils of Croquet."

The Grace Log, published by the W. R. Grace & Company, in addition to advertising its own interests (chemicals, food, Miller High Life, petroleum, and the Grace Line) for a primary audience of stockholders, also publishes general-interest articles on subjects ranging from the Peace Corps to horse racing in Melbourne. Emphasizing sound community relations "in the countries, states, and cities where we do business," Grace Editor John A. Murray considers himself in quality competition with *Life* and *Holiday*. And in quality of art reproduction and printing, the *Log* excels both.

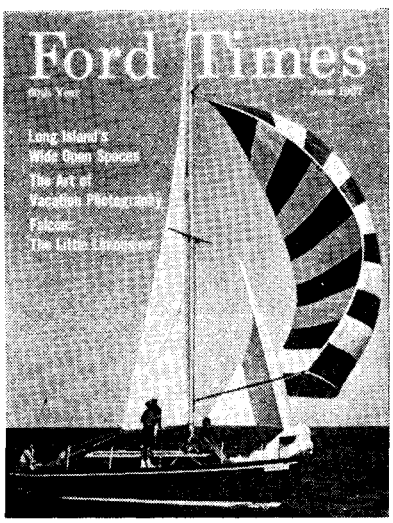
Most corporate editors, however, view their magazines primarily as instruments of company policy, with all secondary interests ultimately subordinate to this policy. The primary purpose of the external-internal corporate publication, says Greyhound's Editor D. L. Behnke, is "to provide an effective channel of communication between management and the primary audience, i.e., employees, agents, and stockholders," and secondarily to serve as "an effective medium . . . of telling [our] story to the influential financial community and to the various news media." Metropolitan Life's Executive Editor Emmet O'Byrne sees his magazine's purpose as "a unifying one" within the company. AT&T Employee Information Supervisor George B. Turrell, Jr., tries among other things "to build the individual's pride in and identification with the Bell System . . . to demonstrate that the long-run interests of the individual and the company are parallel."

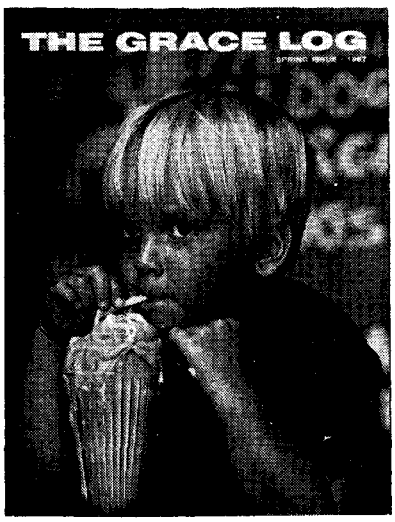
But GE no doubt speaks for most big firms in its no-nonsense delineation of the "Six 'Cs'" of communication with employees, and, by extension, with stockholders and agents. The job, as GE sees it, is to keep employees "keenly aware of the fact that the success of the business, and their own job security, depend on their individual efforts and cooperation in 1) satisfying *customers*, 2) surpassing *competition*, 3) reducing *costs*, 4) soundly responding to *change* . . . and keeping employees keenly aware of the fact that they are being fairly rewarded . . . , [in] 5) current *compensation*, and 6) management *concern* for the best interests of employees."

If it meets its own objectives, however, the prevailing corporate publication falls short of its potential, in terms of the obvious effort and money invested in its production. Corporate writing, on balance, verges on the soporific; management editorials in some cases are pompous or arid; and corporate self-praise can often become self-defeating and embarrassing.

A company perhaps serves its own interests most effectively when it serves them least obviously. AT&T, for example, scores more effectively with the *Bell Telephone Hour* than with *195*. Sinclair won more friends with its effective advertising campaign for national conservation, under its recently retired public relations chief, Reynolds Girdler, than it does with its articles on oceanography in *Sinclair Views*. And one has only to recall Texaco's sponsorship of the Metropolitan Opera radio series and Container Corporation of America's award-winning advertising series on the "Great Ideas of Western Man" to drive the point home.

The time is perhaps upon us when a corporate publication of genuine public interest, financed as only a great company can finance it, will do more for its sponsors, in a kind of inverse proportion of modesty, than the type of house publications that now prevail.





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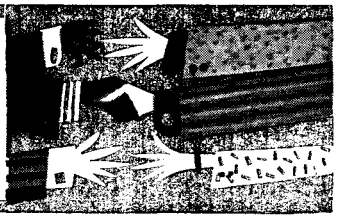
Public Relations



An Essential Ingredient

CAUTIOUS and conservative, tightly regulated by government, the life insurance business has been slow to recognize the importance of organized efforts to develop better relations with the public. In the past few years there has been an increasing awareness by individual companies of the values of public relations but, in general, the life insurance business is still backward. Too many of the men who head companies have been fearful of embarking on programs which other industries have found of great help in gaining public acceptance.

But the need for adjustment to modern conditions and the fact that governments are quick to react to public demand these days has been an impelling factor in moving life insurance companies forward. Today, an increasing number of companies, headed by progressive managers to whom actuarial tables are not the be-all and end-all of corporate management, are taking into account public moods and their impact on government regulation. The leaders have directed their companies into the mainstream of modern business practice and others, under competitive pressure, are—often with great reluctance—beginning to move in the same direction.

One of the life insurance companies which has for some time recognized the values of solid public relations programs is The Prudential Insurance Company of America. As the largest life insurance company in the world, with assets of $23,595 billion, and having, in 1966, completed its eleventh straight year as the leader in life insurance sales, it has stressed public relations as one of the factors in its growth. President Orville E. Beal, who for three years was in charge of Prudential's public relations, advertising, and decentralization program, has continuously stressed the importance of adjustment to changing social, economic, and political structures. "How business responds to these changes," says Mr. Beal, "will spell the success or failure of most companies. But the task confronting today's corporate executive becomes a lot easier if he relates his interests to those of the public. Any other approach is beset with grave dangers and can lead to real trouble."

Prudential's first organized public relations department was set up in 1947 with a staff of four professionals, and was called the public information department. Today it is a highly proficient operation with a total corporate public relations budget of $718,790, including salaries. It is entirely separate from the advertising department and is organized with government-relations activities in a new external affairs department, formed less than two years ago.

Henry E. Arnsdorf, executive director of public relations, reports to an executive vice president, but access to Mr. Beal is easy and frequent. Under Mr. Arnsdorf are two deputies, and the department is structured into three sections, each run by a manager: news services; public relations services; community relations and special events. News services, with three executives, is the information arm of Prudential's corporate home office. It writes and places corporate publicity, maintains news relations with print and broadcast media, prepares and publishes the company's *Management Newsletter*, and coordinates regional home office publicity activity. Public relations services, with two executives, provides editorial services to corporate departments and prepares and publishes speakers'-bureau materials, public-service booklets, and the annual report to policyholders. Community relations and special-events services, with five executives, is responsible for public ceremonies and events such as dedications and anniversaries. It also supervises all programs directed at special audiences. Added to these thirteen executives are twelve secretarial and clerical staff members.

Decentralization, one of the key methods of Prudential's operations, also involves public relations. There are public relations staffs in the eight regional home offices of the company. In Toronto there are four professionals, three in Newark, New Jersey, three in Chicago, three in Minneapolis, six in Boston, five in Jacksonville, four in Houston, and eight in Los Angeles. The public relations budget for these thirty-six is not easy to calculate, for many wear more than a public relations hat.

As with most of the life insurance companies, Prudential was once slow in moving into corporate philanthropy. This year, however, its total contributions are $1,214,231, of which $208,223 is for educational aid. The causes that Prudential aids are varied—from contributions

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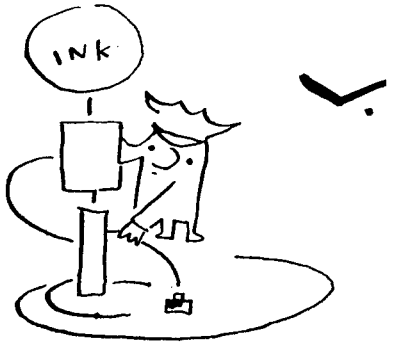
to social service agencies and cultural activities to hospitals and youth work; from health agencies to medical education; from aid to the United Nations associations to intergroup relations organizations. The company has also been giving carefully evaluated help to Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish service agencies, the National Urban League, and the NAACP Special Contribution Fund.

Life insurance companies, together with other corporations, have been steadily improving their hiring practices by providing jobs for minority groups. Doors are no longer closed tight to nonwhites. Insurance companies (the better ones) have been seeking Negro employees and, where training has been inadequate, have set up programs to fit them for the jobs that earlier were unavailable. Prudential is one of the leaders in this



field and has sought nonwhite men and women for executive as well as clerical jobs. Its record is considered good by those who work most intimately in this field. At present, of a total work force of some 56,000, there are 2,210 Negro employees. A Negro is also a member of Prudential's board of directors.

In an industry where it is often hard for media to get information, Prudential's policy is refreshing. It recognizes and acts on the principle that evasion and lack of candor is harmful to the company. It is quick to provide accurate information, and company executives are made readily available to media without the barriers which newsmen so often find hampering.

Prudential is at the top for many reasons, one of them being that it has fully understood that good relations with the public is one of the essential ingredients of success.

—L. L. L. Golden.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *Swann's Way.* 2. *Tender Is the Night.* 3. *Blood Wedding.* 4. *No Exit.* 5. *Brideshead Revisited.* 6. *The Secret Sharer.* 7. *The Skin of Our Teeth.* 8. *Love's Labours Lost.* 9. *The Turn of the Screw.* 10. *After the Fall.* 11. *Some Came Running.* 12. *The Light That Failed.*

RESUMPTION OF HOSTILITIES

Until Peace, Old City Must Be Israeli

FOR nearly 19 years, both the United States and the United Nations have managed to endure with some equanimity the possession of the Old City of Jerusalem by the Kingdom of Jordan.

Jordan seized the Old City through military conquest. It acted in defiance of the United Nations plan for Palestine. It denied access to the Old City and its holy places to members of one of the world's major religions.

But if there was any great clamor from Washington or the General Assembly chamber for Jordan to withdraw and allow the Old City to be internationalized in accordance with the U.N. plan, the clamor could hardly be described as ear-splitting.

Now the Old City has fallen into Israeli hands. Although it was taken by military conquest, the conquest was a response to a Jordanian artillery attack against Israeli cities, including the new city of Jerusalem outside the Old City walls.

Whoever it was—and it was probably Israel — who fired the first shots at Sinai, there is little doubt that the first shots on the Jordanian border were fired by Jordan and that those shots persisted after an Israeli appeal for peace.

After taking the city, the Israelis have announced that people of all faiths, including the Arabs, will have access to its holy places and that those places may be administered by the faiths to which they are most sacred.

Under these circumstances, it seems to us that the United States and the United Nations ought to be at least one-nineteenth as patient with the Israeli occupation of the Old City as they were with the Jordanian occupation.

We do not say that the Old City must remain under Israeli sovereignty once there is a secure peace in the Middle East. Internationalization may, in fact, be the best long-term solution. But it does not seem fair or constructive to pressure Israel to cast aside its bargaining power before negotiations have even begun.

IF ISRAEL is ultimately to give up Jerusalem, it can scarcely be blamed for demanding a price for it, both in the form of other concessions from the Arabs and in security guarantees from the United Nations.

In the meantime, it does not seem unreasonable to unify the administration of the Old City with that of the new to connect the water and electric systems.

As the attitude of the Arab states now stands, the hour of Arab-Israeli negotiations is still a long way off and Israeli sovereignty over the Old City may have to extend for years.

It ought to extend, at the very least, until the Arabs agree to recognize Israel and sign a Middle Eastern peace treaty. At that time, a plan for international control might well be developed. The Israelis are unlikely ever to agree to allow Jordanian machine-gunners to return to the old walls.

It is true that the longer the Israelis hold the Old City, the less likely they are to give it up. That will be something for Arab leaders to ponder as they delay the inevitable meeting with the Israelis across the peace table.

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Palmer Hoyt,
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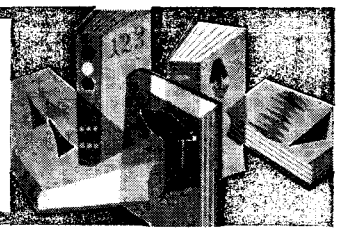
Books in Communications



Breslin at Bat

WHEN JIMMY BRESLIN was riding with you in the back elevator of the New York *Herald Tribune*, whether or not anyone else was along, it seemed crowded. Breslin occupied more space than most men. He was always in motion, always in a hurry, as if he had forgotten something or was missing the next big news break in town. Shirt open, tieless always, clutching late editions, suffering visibly, he would rush out of the building like a blocking back, cursing to himself, half including you in the conversation, grumbling about office red tape, worrying over the next story idea. Those of us who worked with him had to stand back and admire all that energy. "He was always frantically scheming how to get the best story out of any news event," his editors comment. He was a prodigious worker and the motive force was passion. Breslin cared about his friends, from Fat Thomas to John Hay Whitney, his neighbors (negatively), and about this departed newspaper especially.

The *Tribune* is gone, but this collection of his work for the paper, *The World of Jimmy Breslin* (Viking, $5.95), preserves some of the good. It brings Breslin back, just as readable the second time. It shows a remarkable reporter breathing hard against the toughest deadlines. It demonstrates the splendid camaraderie on the *Tribune* between the staff and some exceptional editors blessed with tolerance. And, not least, it expresses the spirit of a great newspaper in its last days. Breslin does not stand for all *Tribune* men, nor above the fine ones. He is far from typical. But I for one, as a *Tribune* man in Breslin's day and before, acknowledge gratefully this expression of the paper's spirit.

The book has been most successfully annotated by two of the paper's finer executives, James G. Bellows, the last editor, and Richard C. Wald, the last managing editor. The Bellows-Wald connecting passages, and some of Murray Weiss's patient guidance, give clues to why the *Tribune* was such a happy place to work. Some interoffice memos are preserved. Breslin rolled them out of his hot typewriter as profusely as columns about Marvin the Torch (an arsonist) or Jerry the Booster (a department store thief). There is also a hitherto unrevealed teletype exchange between Art Buchwald in Washington and Breslin in New York in which each tries to outbluff the other on the size of his nonexistent Christmas bonus. I'd say you'd have to hand the honor to Buchwald.

For a *Tribune* man it is hard indeed to imagine the same office spirit prevailing at *The New York Times*. Breslin's book is one measure of what dropped out of New York newspaper life when the *Tribune* went under.

Breslin's writing for the *Tribune* and for its *New York Magazine* covered a lot of ground in a few years. He could be tiresome, certainly, talking about his front yard. He was a brash one, all right, and very self-assertive. He soon moved further afield, went to Harlem, covered riots in Rochester, the Selma-Montgomery march, Vietnam, and the assassination.

As his editors point out, Breslin had the knack of finding the small incident that would illustrate the large event, and he hooked into stories in unlikely but illuminating places, as when he followed the surgeon-in-charge into Emergency Room One in Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas and the gravedigger to Arlington.

A Breslin sentence has wondrous simplicity: "A pool room always was a place which caused people to cluck their tongues upon mention." When Jerry the Booster tried Tiffany's for size (it proved too big) Breslin put his finger on the one flaw in Jerry's technique: "A suitcase in Tiffany's is the same as an open seacock in the Queen Elizabeth." When he saw personnel carriers armed with machine guns moving into parks in Rochester he wrote: "Machines that men use for killing never look nice when you put them in places where children play."

Breslin is never snide and never hits below the belt. He once wrote: "A smile came on Nixon's face. The smile was made of poured concrete." That was about as harsh as he could be.

His last column for the *Tribune* ends the book. He was angry at the newspaper crisis and the union shortsightedness that brought it about. But he ended on a gentler note. On what turned out to be the *Tribune*'s very last day, Emma Bugbee, at seventy-seven, was retiring after fifty-six years on the staff, and he devoted the column to her. Somehow Emma—her loyalty to the paper, her always sunny concern for her colleagues, her professional competence—threaded it all together. It was nice that he ended with Emma.

Press War: Journalism has rarely been so adventurous, so resourceful, or so free with the truth as it was during the Spanish-American War of 1898. If Vietnam is the first TV war, then the Spanish-American War was the last appropriated by the newspapers. At times it was as stirring a battleground for such rival publishers as Hearst of the *Journal* and Pulitzer of the *World* as for the Spanish and American navies. All this Charles H. Brown relates—and the exploits of such reporters as Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Crane, Stephen Bonsal, Sylvester Scovel—in *The Correspondents' War* (Scribner's, $7.95). Persistently, the author follows the crisscrossing of correspondents, ship tracks, and battle lines from the sinking of the Maine to the surrender at Manila. One possible quarrel with the scholarly scope of his technique is an apparent failure to decide whether this is a book about the war as seen by the correspondents or a book about the correspondents against the background of the war. Now it is one, now the other.

All in Type: A catalogue of 424 of the most important books ever set in type, each skillfully summarized and assigned a place in the world of thought, has been published in a large, handsomely designed volume, *Printing and the Mind of Man* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $27.50). The works are run in chronological order from, naturally, Gutenberg's Bible in 1455 to Churchill's wartime speeches. Turning the pages gives one the sweep of Western ideas and reveals some interesting topical juxtapositions, as when Gaspard Bauhin's *The Nomenclature of Plants* in 1623 precedes Shakespeare, and John Harrison's *The Chronometer* in 1763 follows Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *The Social Contract*. —STUART W. LITTLE.

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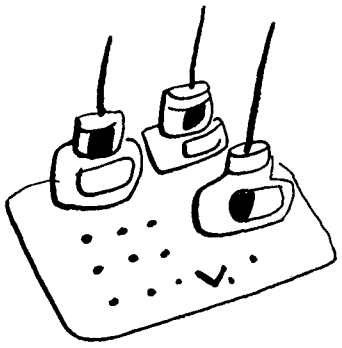
Peacemakers

Continued from Page 15

contributors in the developed countries if the academy were located where they could frequently see it and hear of it; and perhaps others.

On symbolic grounds, for example, Hiroshima might be an outstanding choice for the academy; on educational grounds, Cyprus; on political grounds, Algeria or Tanzania (two of the few countries in the world that have diplomatic relations with the United States, the Soviet Union, the Western European countries, and China—all four poles of major power in the present world); on some financial grounds, Canada or Scandinavia. All these possibilities should be explored and the various factors given due weight before a final decision is made. The possibility should also be explored of making the academy mobile—perhaps placed aboard one or a few ships that could travel from place to place, depending on educational and political needs.



The need for effective peacekeeping is urgent and the central nature of the issue is apparent. We can well imagine that if such an academy and such peacekeepers had been in existence a decade ago, the conflicts that have festered on the Arab-Israeli borders these last ten years might have been partly reduced; that the confrontation over the Gulf of Aqaba that touched off the 1967 war might therefore never have occurred, since it originated in response to the border skirmishing in and near Syria, and that even if it had, a transnational force of peacekeepers that the U.N. would have been freer to use might have been able to deal both effectively and fairly with the Aqaba confrontation. How likely, then, that ten years hence we will wish the academy had been founded in 1967! And how likely that if we found it soon, we can the sooner see emerge the conditions on which our children can begin to build a livable world order!

Answer to Wit Twister, page 7; shear, hares, hears, share.

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(Continued from page 67)

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(Continued from page 69)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1740

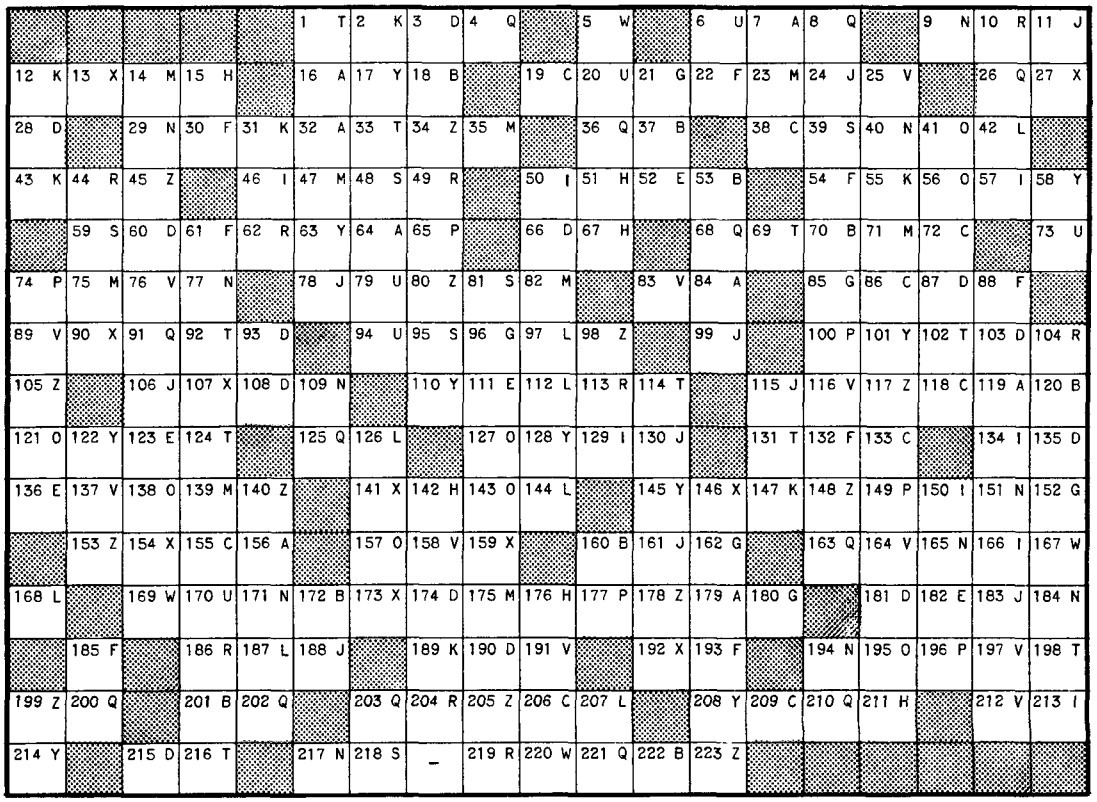
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One-time daily comedy show that should be familiar to *SR* readers. (2 wds.)	64 7 179 84 16 32 119 156
B. "Poor Jim Jay Got stuck fast in———." De La Mare	37 53 222 201 172 120 18 70 160
C. American inventor (1826-1885). Specialist in deadly weapons.	38 133 72 206 209 118 86 19 155
D. G.B.S. comedy. (4 wds.)	60 135 66 93 108 87 28 215 174 3 181 190 103
E. Rupert Brooke's adjective for the "male kiss of blankets," (*The Great Lover*).	52 136 182 123 111
F. The number of cycles per second within a more or less defined range of wavelengths.	54 30 193 65 22 185 88 61 132
G. Releases the flow (as of water).	162 96 152 21 85 180
H. One thing this Double Crostic is.	176 142 67 211 51 15
I. Hero of Arthur Koestler's play, "Twilight Bar."	166 57 150 50 134 213 129 46
J. Complaint of the ballplayer whose long line drive has been spectacularly caught on the fly. (3 wds.)	99 188 11 183 78 161 106 115 24 139
K. Any of various volatile liquid mixtures used chiefly as solvents.	12 43 189 2 31 147 55
L. "Now Tomlinson gave up —— —— in his house in Berkeley Square." (2 wds. Kipling).	42 207 112 97 126 187 144 163
M. Preserved or cherished as if sacred.	14 23 82 139 71 47 75 175 35
N. E.g. painting and drawing. (2 wds.)	171 109 194 9 29 151 217 40 165 184 77
O. Screening; sifting.	41 121 56 157 127 143 195 138
P. An Australian or New Zealander.	196 177 149 74 100
Q. Character in Shakespeare who asked the gods to grant that "his hate may grow to the whole race of mankind, high and low!" (3 wds.)	200 221 36 125 4 202 163 26 203 68 210 91 8
R. Sloth.	113 44 49 104 10 204 186 62 219
S. How many purchases are made these days. (2 wds.)	218 48 81 95 59 39
T. Of considerable interest to the public.	102 69 131 124 1 216 114 92 33 198
U. Meeting or conference for discussion.	20 79 6 73 170 94
V. Meteorological condition. (2 wds.)	197 164 89 212 137 83 116 25 158 76 191
W. Way out.	167 220 5 169
X. Presence.	90 141 173 107 13 159 192 27 146 154
Y. A poor section of a city.	145 63 101 17 110 58 208 128 214 122
Z. A prediction usually made in advance of production or construction. (2 wds.)	34 98 105 148 153 205 223 178 45 117 80 199 140

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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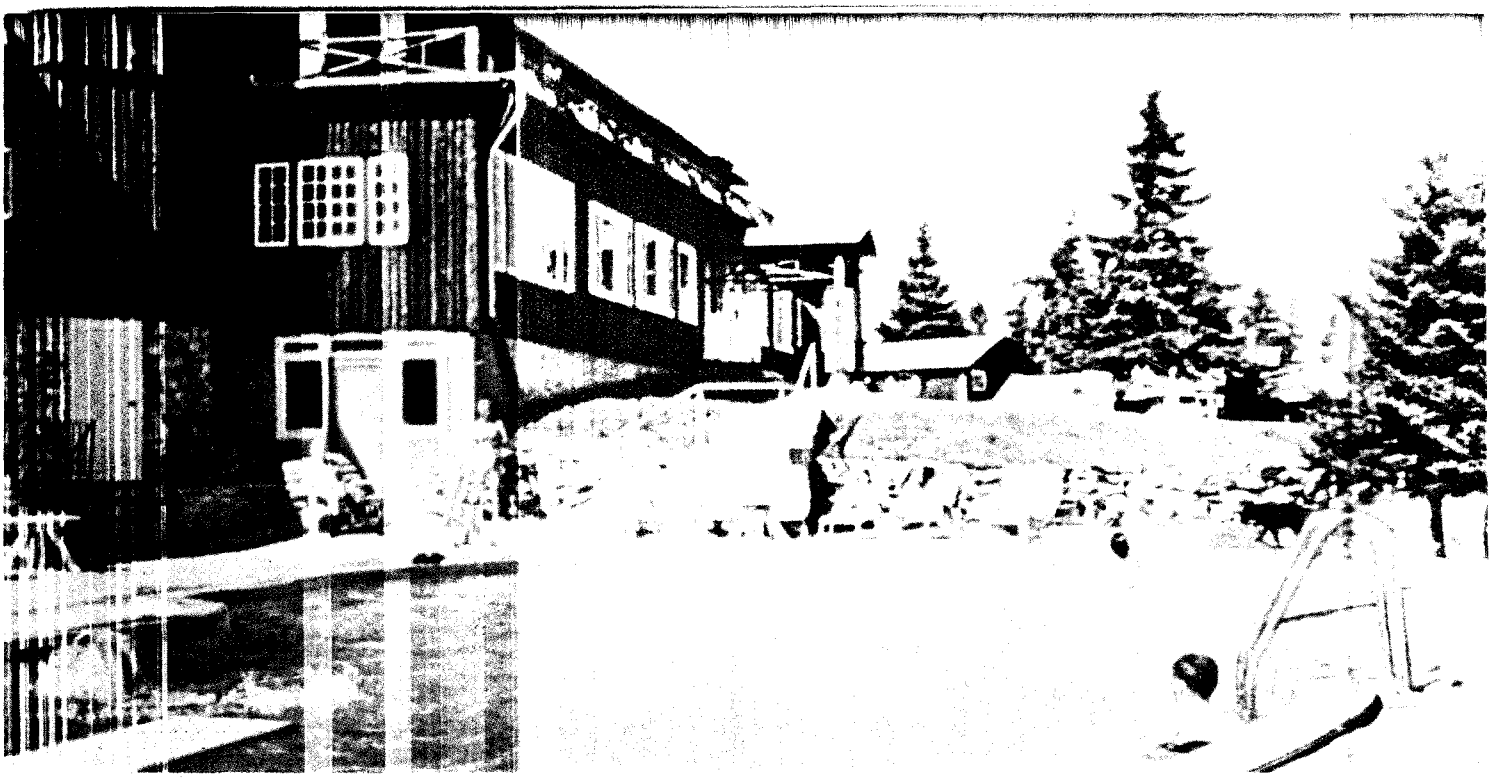

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this one's Indian

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